MISCELLANEA

BY

H. H. Mc CLUNE

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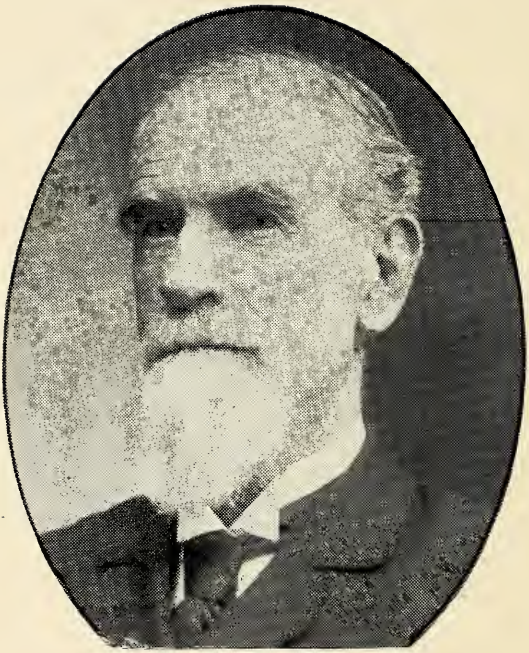

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H. H. McCLUNE

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LOCAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

The Low-grade Railroad in Lancaster Co., Pa.

In a medley of topics such as comprise this book, the author may begin and end with any such as may suit his fancy.

The locality which has been the scene of one's birth and childhood days is the one to which we are likely to be most attached.

This attachment is so strong in my mind that it has induced me to put this topic first in this medley of topics.

Near the route of the above mentioned railroad is the place of my birth and childhood days.

A line known as the Columbia and Port Deposit railroad was made thirty-five to forty years ago, and which was itself at the time a great undertaking, is over the same route as that part of the above road from Creswell to Shenk's Ferry, in Lancaster County, Pa., of which I am about to write. For this distance of about eight miles the making of the low-grade road, buried under many feet of shattered rock and dirt the bed of the Columbia and Port Deposit road.

After the low-grade road was completed, the other road was remade along its embankment, but much higher up from the river than it was before. In this way the old road renewed its age. One of the remarkable features about the low-grade line is that all the way from Creswell

to Shenk's Ferry, whilst the road is running down the river its grade is upward.

Thus for all this distance, if you follow the river you are descending; if you follow the low-grade railroad you are ascending. The riverman at Creswell says "down to Shenk's Ferry," the low-grade railroader says "up to Shenk's Ferry." But there is another feat of engineering here. The Columbia and Port Deposit road, whilst paralleling the low-grade road all this distance, is descending, and the railroader on it chimes in with the riverman and says "down to Shenk's Ferry." So by railroad, you can go up to Shenk's Ferry or down to Shenk's Ferry.

If there was a passenger depot at Shenk's Ferry for both roads and you asked the agent at Creswell for a ticket to Shenk's Ferry, he would ask you if you want to go up to Shenk's Ferry or down to Shenk's Ferry; and if you did not understand this mysterious situation, you would think that a lunatic asylum was the proper place for that agent; and if he looked fierce at you, you would likely take Shank's mare and go in that way to Shenk's Ferry, rather than wait for a train to take you either up or down to Shenk's Ferry. If you at last got to Shenk's Ferry in any way and you desired to return by rail and asked the agent there for a ticket to Creswell, he would ask you if you preferred to go up to Creswell or down to Creswell; and if he looked in the least

dangerous you would resort again to Shank's mare, and you would conclude that the great Pennsylvania railroad used only lunatics for ticket agents.

And yet, when this is all understood, it will be found to be the result of not only the sane, but scientific work of the great civil engineers who did this work.

I will describe one of the rocky projections of the river hill which was cut down in making this road. It is called Buzzard's Point and is certainly appropriately named after a thing which has wings, for nothing without them would attempt to get around its frowning crest, which is two hundred feet above the bed of the road. This solid rock was cut down, or rather blowed away, from that height. One can stand on the track of the low-grade road and look up at it in a perpendicular line, as it frowns down upon you with its jagged rocks. It can be viewed at a still greater height from the track of the Columbia and Port Deposit road and a still greater altitude from the river.

Think of the awful force which was required to tear this rock out of its native bed. There it stood, bidding defiance to the destructive elements of nature ever since the internal forces of the earth heaved it into its position. And there it would have stood until the earth would have made its last revolution around the sun, if it had

not fell in the track of this great commercial highway. But man, with the genius to combine the powers of nature, came upon it and it had to surrender.

What I have said of Buzzard's Point might be repeated as to other points known as Turkey Hill, Man's Run, Stoney Island, Crow's Head, Star Rock and Sowers Point, six other high projecting rocks along this part of this railroad.

At Turkey Hill there was a solid rock thrown at least two hundred yards which is so large that a man can take twenty-nine ordinary steps on its surface. If anywhere on earth there is a larger rock than that which has been moved by artificial forces, where is it?

There are two very high bridges on this low-grade road. One is at Safe Harbor and crosses Conestoga creek; the other is at Martic Forge and crosses Pequa creek. The one at Safe Harbor has a curve in it. When you stand upon it and look down at an ordinary-sized man on the ground, he looks no larger than a ten-year-old boy. Over these bridges, at short intervals, big freight engines and long trains of cars are passing, and yet there is but a slight tremor in them.

In concluding this article I will try to say something about the projectors, the civil engineers, the laborers of both the old Columbia and Port Deposit road and the new low-grade line. No army ever advanced against seemingly more

insurmountable obstacles than confronted the builders of these roads. They deserve to be commended more highly than the generals and soldiers of an army, for their work was constructive; it was to build up; it was to produce; it was for the good of mankind. The work of an army mostly, is destructive; it is to tear down; it is to injure mankind. Why should not monuments be erected to perpetuate the names of the projectors and engineers of such an enterprise? And it must be remembered that this great work was not done without the sacrifice of human lives. The terrible forces which were used sometimes turned upon their users.

There were quite a number of the sons of sunny Italy who left their native land and friends and enlisted in the army which advanced upon the rocky strongholds of these eternal hills, never to return. They fell and now sleep in their graves in a foreign land. But these great rocks from which they carved out this roadbed are their monuments. All honor to them and the projectors and leaders who led them and finally conquered these rocks and hills and handed this great highway of commerce over for the good of humanity.

Let us enlarge the scope of this discussion by considering that great army of men who contribute so much to the good and pleasure of humanity in operating the railroads in general. The

superintendents, the trainmasters, the telegraph operators, the conductors, the ticket agents, the engineers and firemen, the brakemen, switchmen and all the others who manage and run these highways of commerce and pleasure.

Think of the fearful responsibility attaching to the duties of many of them. See that train sweeping down the mountain through the midnight gloom at the speed of fifty miles an hour, loaded with the precious lives of men, women and innocent children, whose safety is in the hand on the throttle of that engine, and in fact not much less so in the hand of the telegraph operator as he strikes the keys of his instrument! Let this great railroad army which is at the front throw down their arms, and what would soon be the condition of the people? These railroads are the arteries through which the life-blood of prosperity flows. Without the army to manage and run them, they would be useless. It takes the best brains and muscles to do this important work.

Harnessing the Waters of the Susquehanna River.

My childhood days having been spent within three miles of this great river, many were the awful and weird stories about it which tickled my youthful ears.

This river, in its onward flow to mother ocean, cuts its way through elevated ranges and divides part of Pennsylvania almost in the middle. At many places it is more than a mile wide and at one place, about twenty miles from its mouth, a David with a sling could throw a stone across it. At some places where it has cut through the hills, almost perpendicular promontories project over its shores.

But it is not the purpose of this article to describe this wild and rollicking stream, but to consider the commercial purposes to which it is about to be put.

It is not probable that in the midst of the exacting and profound study which the great mechanics and philosophers have in the few years back given to the subject of collecting, storing, transmitting and applying that mysterious element called electricity to the mechanical and other operations in life, that they even thought of what an important part such streams as the Susquehanna will play in the cheap collecting of this wonderful power.

Viewed from the standpoint of navigation, the fall in the Susquehanna river has been regarded as very unfortunate, as it renders it absolutely unnavigable except down stream.

But now this very fall is what adapts it to the purpose of collecting electricity. If it did not have it, then its waters could not be raised to

that altitude which, obeying the law of gravitation, gives them the power which they transmit to the wheels upon which they fall. It would seem that when the Great Architect laid out the plans which resulted in the fall in this river, that it was ordained that at a time away down the vista of the future mankind would be blessed with the discovery of the use of electricity.

That is, that the creation was adapted to the discovery, although ages were to intervene before they were to join each other.

The power which is in the fall in the Susquehanna river is almost incalculable and yet if that power could be applied only at the point where it exists, it would be of comparatively little use. But now that it can be transmuted into electricity and the latter, by its own inherent activity, transmits itself with little loss and through inexpensive means many miles away, its value is beyond calculation.

At the point in the Susquehanna river where it breaks through the Conewago hills, there is an abrupt fall in it of about fifteen feet. In other words, a natural dam.

A few men of comprehensive minds and undaunted financial courage conceived the project of taking advantage of this natural dam. They started about a mile below it on the west side of the river and constructed an immense head race wall the whole distance up to the dam, making

the same out of concrete and rocks and making it sufficiently strong to resist the force of ice and other floods in the river. There that stands, as solid as the natural rocks at its foundation, an everlasting monument to those who conceived and financed the idea of making it, as well as those who did the work. It is known as the York Haven Power company.

A wing wall is run to the island in mid-stream, some distance above the breast of the dam, and that leads the water of all that part of the river into this great head race along the western shore, down to the works.

Electricity generated by this great plant is now transmitted ten miles to the City of York and is running the street cars and many manufacturing plants there and is already, or will soon be, transmitted to other industrial centres.

Other great financiers and engineers conceived the idea of constructing an artificial dam in this river a little below the narrowest part of it, already mentioned. This plant is known as the McCall Ferry Power company.

Great as was the conception and consummation of the York Haven project, it is greatly overshadowed by the immensity of the McCall Ferry undertaking. The York Haven project only harnesses a part of the river longitudinally, by means of a great head race and having the vantage grounds of the natural dam and the little

depth and current in the river along the place where the wall was made. The McCall Ferry project boldly throws a dam breast straight across the whole river at a point where it is much deeper and the current much swifter than at the former place, and makes that dam three times as high as the natural one at York Haven.

The magnitude of the McCall Ferry project cannot be fully described. To properly appreciate it it must be seen, but for the benefit of those who cannot go to see it, I will, after stating a few other matters, try to describe it.

In writing about this project once, I said that the striking proposition which presents itself to one familiar with this part of the river is, can it be successfully harnessed—at this place?

I then expressed fears that no coffer dam put in there could resist the force of the rush of ice in the breakup at the end of winter. Since that, it has stood the test of an ordinary breakup, and so that danger is past, as it will be completed before a worse one comes.

For a time this project was also threatened with an injunction flood from the court at Harrisburg, but this was also happily met by a satisfactory settlement.

We will now partially, at most, describe this great enterprise. Two matters confront us, the thing itself and how it is made; and they necessarily will be mingled in a description.

The thing itself is the dam and the power house.

To build the dam, two important things had to be accomplished. The water had to be kept away from the foundation upon which the breast of the dam was to be erected. Second, means must be provided upon which to move and operate the very ponderous machinery and appliances necessary to place the materials in this breast.

The coffer dam excludes and diverts the water. It is made in sections of great heavy logs, built in quadrangular shape, the bottom logs made to fit closely to the surface of the bottom of the river. It is wonderful how well these logs can be prepared before the section is sunk to its place, to fit the irregular surface of the rocky bottom of the river.

This is done by taking accurate soundings of the bed of the river at every two feet. These sections are made on the shore above where they are to be used, and are floated out and down stream to their allotted places and there sunk in the river and weighted down, and finally every opening in them shut up with sand bags or other materials. They are thus placed, one after the other in line, until they extend from shore to shore. By means of a coffer dam from the Lancaster county shore to the island, the water was first diverged to the west side of the island and

then, by means of a coffer dam from the island to the York county shore, the water was thrown to the east side of the island. The first coffer dam being removed and the water allowed to pass through openings left for that purpose in the breast of that part of the dam, which will finally be closed when the breast is finished from the island to the York county shore. By means of these coffer dams, the river was first diverged to the west side of the island and then to the east side. This was a remarkable feat in itself.

The means upon which to operate the machinery in constructing the breast of the dam is the next thing provided as soon as the coffer dam excludes the water. This consists of nothing less than a large concrete bridge, say about thirty-five feet wide, on which are railroad tracks over which little locomotives run to deliver materials where wanted. On the outer surface of this bridge are two rails, on which the wheels under the trucks which carry the cranes run. These great cranes, the machinery to run them and even booths for the engineers, are all so high above the tracks on which the trucks stand that the engines and cars can run under them. These trucks, in fact, straddle the whole width of the bridge, there being a double-tracked railroad under them.

The arms of these immense cranes extend out and over the place where the breast is built, so

that they can convey the materials to exactly where it is wanted. Some of them extend a distance of about eighty feet from the tracks on which they stand.

The breast of the dam is perpendicular on the upper side, and slopes in a regular curve on the lower side, so as to let the overflow of water pass gently down to the bed of the river below the breast, so as not to injure its foundation.

The breast of the dam is about forty-five feet in height from the bottom of the river and is about the same in width at the base and tapers until it is only about six feet wide on the top.

The means by which the cement and broken stone are mixed is simple, but very complete. The mixer is a funnel-shaped concern, in which the broken stone, cement and water meet. It is revolved by means of cogs on its larger end and is so adjusted to the cog-wheel which drives it that it can easily be disconnected therefrom and the large end drops down and empties its contents into the huge bucket which is there on a car to receive it, and then the mixer readjusts itself and is ready for more stuff to mix.

There are enough of these mixers in operation to mix three or four buckets every few minutes, and as fast as the little locomotives can haul them to the cranes and the cranes can land them where wanted. It seems as if nearly everything

about the construction of this great dam is done by machinery, much of it acting automatically.

I feel that I am not exaggerating when I say that the construction of this great dam and power house is among the greatest undertakings of the kind ever attempted in Pennsylvania, if not in the United States.

When completed, they will be a grand monument to the names of the financiers who projected and the engineers and workmen who constructed them. The results of this great enterprise ultimately, no doubt, will be to bless the people by cheapening the production of what is required to supply their wants and comforts. All that is wanted is that there be a fair distribution, making due allowance for the large claims of the projectors for their part and work in this great undertaking.

It is said that when this dam is constructed that the bridge upon which the work is being done is to be destroyed.

On the York county side and about a half mile below it, is a road leading west into York county, on which the grade is so low that a steam railroad could be run along it. And not far below the east end of this bridge is a route east into Lancaster county, on which electric cars could run with ease. If, therefore, this bridge would stand permanently, why not make it the link to connect the two counties by trolley,

and in fact make this a main trolley line east and west?

We are writing about something which we do not know much about, but we are not the first and will not be the last to engage in this folly. And whilst we are at this kind of writing, we will indulge in a little more of it.

About a half mile above the breast of this dam is what we will call the McCall Ferry deeps, and what we do not know, is how deep the water is there.

I have seen a clipping from a newspaper which states that in the year 1840 Enoch Swayne, of Chester county, Pa., obtained a line specially adapted to the purpose from Baltimore and took soundings of the river at this place, and reported it to be 436 feet deep. Taking this to be correct, it would tax a very buoyant imagination to portray just what that abyss would look like if the water was removed from it.

In it might be seen the remains of many things which it has swallowed and among them would be a team, consiting of horses and wagon, which went down there many years ago and never was seen or heard of after. Two horses, which were hitched to an empty spring wagon, took fright and ran down and leaped into these waters, swam around in a circle and came out where they went in at, uninjured.

But let us leave this place of such dreadful

features and almost incredulous stories and return to the subject of harnessing the waters of this river.

Between McCall's Ferry and tide water there is another dam to grapple these waters and make them pay tribute to another electric company.

Doubtless other dams upstream will corral this river and then, by means of locks in all the dams, will make navigable this wild and reckless stream which has heretofore utterly refused to allow any transportation to pass upward on its boisterous surface.

No doubt, in a few years, boats will ply up and down the Susquehanna driven, not by steam, but by electricity, collected by these giant plants. When all this is consummated, it will make the valley of the Susquehanna, many parts of which have been only the abode of the buzzard and the owl, the wonder of the world. The tourists from afar will journey hither to feast their eyes upon the grand natural and artificial objects to be seen as they pass up and down this valley on the placid bosoms of these great dams.

Harrisburg and the John Harrises.

Several years ago my sister, who resides in Mansfield, Ohio, informed me that she had some papers about John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, Pa., and that she would send them to me if I wished her to do so. Although we, along our

maternal line, claim to be descendants of his, I, knowing that his estate must have been distributed long ago, did not take interest enough in the papers to ask her to send them.

When I was reading about Old Home Week in Harrisburg and about a young lady who I presumed does not claim any relation to John Harris, putting a flag on his grave, I thought it was time that I would take interest enough in the matter to ask my sister to send me those papers.

I received them and they proved to be excerpts from a book called "Our Western Border, or One Hundred Years Ago," about John Harris, Sr., and Esther Say, his wife and John Harris, Jr., their son. I became particularly interested in the lady mentioned in the following excerpt from that book:

"The first John Harris was a Yorkshireman, who married a Philadelphian, an Englishwoman of great energy and force of character, Esther Say by name. Of Esther Harris several characteristic anecdotes are told. Here is one: "The mansion was surrounded by a stockade, a security against the Indians. A British officer one night was staying at the house when, by accident, the gate of the stockade was left unfastened. The officer, dressed in full regimentals, was seated with Harris at the table. An Indian stealthily entered the gate, thrust his rifle through one of the portholes and fired, it is sup-

posed, at the officer. The night being damp, the gun only flashed. Instantly Mrs. Harris blew out the candle to prevent a second aim and thus saved the life of a human being."

The idea that I was a descendant of John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, was a pleasing one, but for some time I almost forgot it in the great satisfaction I felt of also being a descendant of Esther Say, who was worthy of being spoken of in such terms of commendation as this excerpt contained, "An Englishwoman." You will search the world in vain to find a person who desires to hide the fact that there is English blood in his veins. And then a woman "of great energy and force of character." Two of the best qualities which a woman can possess and without which she cannot successfully cope with the strenuosities of her sphere in life. And then the wonderful self-control and presence of mind which she exhibited in the shooting incident. The average woman would have went screaming out of the room and left the light burning for the Indian and British officer to fight it out.

Why the king of England might be proud of being on the same ancestral tree with Esther Say!

The lecture of J. H. McFarland, Esq., of Harrisburg, on how the people of York can beautify it, delivered in the auditorium of our beautiful

high school building, again attracted my attention to Harrisburg.

Since hearing this lecture, I thought that I would try to write something about Harrisburg and the John Harrises, my ancestors.

Before doing so, I will tell in my own words, of course, a little of what this lecturer said about Harrisburg. He, by the aid of a stereopticon, caused many of the improvements which they had made in the city to pass in vivid review before us, urging us, if they can be done with as reasonable expense as their were done, to go and do likewise in our city and suburbs.

Among the many transformations exhibited was that of turning the bed of a creek which was a veritable valley of filth, into a scene of beauty. On the same surface on which filth and debris had lain and from which disease germs floated, it was shown that at small outlay flowers beautiful to the eyes and sweet to the nostrils now bloom. It was also shown, with considerable indignation on the part of the lecturer, what an outrage is committed often under the pretext of trimming trees, when it is done so closely as in fact to actually mutilate and destroy them.

But now as to Harrisburg and its settler and founder.

Considering the incongruities and even absurdities which are more or less mixed in all dreams, I will, however, substitute for what I

might otherwise say on this subject, a Harrisburger's protracted dream. Here is his dream, as he told it:

"I was standing at my front door on the morning of a beautiful day. There came to me two grave-looking old gentlemen, one dressed in the garb of ante-colonial days and the other that of colonial days.

"The one said, 'I rescued this locality from the Indians and the native forest and dedicated it to civilization.'

"The other said, 'I am his son and I founded this city and set apart a hill in the midst thereof for a public use. I was present when this municipality was christened and it was given our name.'

"In amazement and wonder, I then exclaimed, 'You are John Harris, the settler, and his son, John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg?'

They said, 'We are here to again walk upon the banks of the old Susquehanna, into whose crystal waters we looked and on whose bosom we often floated, and to see this beautiful city, whose foundations we laid. Will you escort us through it?' I gladly consented.

"We had not gone far until, looking up and seeing wires running in all directions, they said, 'What are they for?' I told them about the telegraph, telephone and trolley and that, through these wires, we can communicate with each other

not only here in the city, but with people in Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and through them and their connections news can be sent in a few minutes around the earth. They seemed to be incredulous and to think that I was trifling with them.

"The thought occurred to me that I would take them to something which they could see which was more tangible. So I led the way to the Pennsylvania railroad depot. As we got to where we could have a good view, the Chicago Limited came rolling in and they stood transfixed as it were at the sight of this.

"I said to them, 'That iron horse has brought itself and those immense chariots from Philadelphia in about three hours.' 'Why,' they said, 'that cannot be; it used to take us days to come with our teams from that city here.'

"Just then the bell sounded, the ponderous drivers on the engine began to move and the train glided out of the depot, they looking intently after it as far as they could see it and then turning to me they exclaimed, 'This is wonderful! wonderful!'

"I then called their attention to the steel rails on which the train run, and that these stretched away over valleys, rivers and mountains, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, and that a trip can be made over these three thousand miles in about six days. This, they said, they could not

dispute, but it was entirely beyond their comprehension.

"I then took them to within sight of the Susquehanna river, a stream in which they had often fished and over which they had ferried many a weary traveler on his way. I pointed them to the great bridges which now, on pillars of artificial rock, span the river. I told them that not only people, horses and teams, but great iron horses and trains like they saw at the depot, pass in safety over those bridges. And whilst they stood gazing at them, the Buffalo Express came rolling over one of them and they exclaimed, 'What our eyes have seen we must believe!' But they said, 'we see pillars standing alone in the river down there. Is there some wonderful, invisible mystery connected with them?' I replied that, 'They are connected with what we, in this age, call the game of bluff. One of our great railroads was threatening to invade the territory of another great railroad, and that road came here and put up those pillars, pretending that they were going to retaliate in kind on the other road, and the latter "skidooed" and the bluff won.' 'Why,' they said, 'this is still more mystifying to us than anything which we heard or saw. There was no such word as "skidooed" in our day and bluff was a gambling term.'

"And then I took them to the capitol buildings. On our way through the park, the squirrels came

running to us, and they said, 'We used to shoot squirrels on this very hill, but they were not tame like these.' I said to them, 'If you killed one of these squirrels the people would arise in indignation at you, as being guilty of monstrous sacrilege. You know that this state is partly named after Sylvan, a deity of the woods, and these squirrels are regarded by the people, not only of this capitol, but of the whole state, as being, not only angels of his, but little divinities themselves, as they teach us the great lesson of kindness to living creatures.'

"When we got to the buildings, I said to them, 'You can now behold what has been erected on this hill set apart many years ago, by you.

" 'You can now congratulate yourself on the realization of your expectations as to this hill becoming a very important one for public use.' They looked through the building and were dazzled with its splendors. Whilst passing through it John Harris, the settler, saw the Stars and Stripes and he indignantly exclaimed, 'That is not the Union Jack, the flag of good old England.' Then John Harris, the founder, said, 'Father, before they laid me to rest up at Paxtang church, we had a big quarrel with England. I myself gave three thousand pounds to sustain the war, and we whipped her.' 'And then,' I said, 'since they laid you up there, we had another scrap with the old lady and whipped her again,

and then she became a good and kind mother.' But this only added to the patriotic indignation of John Harris, the settler. He said, 'You are all rebels and ought to have been hung or shot.' And then John Harris, the founder, whispered to me, 'Don't mind him; he is faithful to the flag under which he lived and died.'

"After this unpleasant episode I said to them that if they had come a little earlier they might have witnessed the dedication of this beautiful capitol. 'You might have seen your children from around here and the children of your great friend, William Penn, coming on these iron roads from up and down these rich valleys and from over the mountains and from away out at the lakes and marching through these streets.'

"In our sightseeing we came to the old canal, and I said to them that, 'this was a mode of transportation superior to the horse and wagon of your day, but the iron horse has come and put it out of business.'

"We then went to a trolley car to go to Allison's Hill. They said, 'What pulls or pushes this wagon? We could see the steam, which appeared to be the power in that iron horse; but as to this, we can see nothing.' I said that, 'A mysterious power which is all around us and which we call electricity and which we know very little about, is collected by machinery and sent through that wire you see above the car and then

through that little wheel you see below the wire and through another wire to the wheels under the car and drives them.' They said, 'We cannot understand that. We would think that it would lap around or get tangled up in that little wheel or in the wheels below.' I said, 'I cannot understand it either, but so it is.

"When we arrived on Allison's Hill, they gazed on the grand panorama which spread out before them. They seemed, for a little, to be enchanted with the grandeur of the view. Then, looking down the river, they asked, 'from whence come those immense clouds of smoke? There were no volcanoes in these regions when we lived here.' I replied, 'And there are no natural volcanoes here now, but that which you see is a man-made volcano which, instead of belching forth lava and ashes, sends forth immense quantities of steel, an article, as you know, of great use to man.' And then they said, 'What is that high tower we see yonder?' pointing to the smoke-stack of the water works.

"I told them that was a part of the arrangement by which water was brought from away up the river and thrown into our homes. They seemed incredulous at this statement.

"Just then, lifting their range of view and looking away off, they said, 'Whilst everything here looks marvelously changed, yonder mountains look about the same as they did in our

days, when the Indians came over them to trade with us.' John Harris, the settler said, 'It is true that some of them were going to burn me, but they were drunk; but it is also true that others came to my rescue.' And they both said that they liked those people and would like to take some of them by the hand.'

"I said, 'I am sorry to tell you that these tribes, which inhabited these Eastern localities, are all gone. They were unable to adapt themselves to the requirements of civilization and they went down beneath its onward march. The Great Spirit has transported them to His hunting grounds beyond the clouds, where they hope for an eternal refuge from the pale-faced invaders.'

"A few representatives from their Western tribes are up the Cumberland Valley here at a school, at which they are being taught the ways of civilization, with the hope that they will go back and lead their people to adopt them.'

"From Allison's Hill we sauntered back through the city, they being deeply impressed by what they saw at every turn. We finally came to the bank of the river and, looking up and down that beautiful asphalt boulevard, they asked, 'What kind of roadbed is this?' I explained how it was made, as best I could, and just then a large automobile went whizzing by, at which they were again lost in wonder. And then I had to tell them about that.

"We then went down over the lawn between the east ends of the two railroad bridges, but nearer to the upper one, to the grave of John Harris, the settler. John Harris, the founder, said to his father, 'We buried you here on this now wonderfully changed bank of the river, according to your dying request, under the mulberry tree to which the Indians tied you and were about to burn you for refusing them rum; but they were drunk, and you were rescued by other good Indians. And we put a tombstone here over your remains, and the emblem we put on it, you see is a cross, and we inscribed on it, "A Cruce Salus." John Harris, of Yorkshire, England, the Friend of William Penn and Father of the Founder of Harrisburg. Died December, 1748, in the Communion of the Church of England." We then believed that this was all satisfactory to your wishes.' With a look of profound satisfaction beaming upon his countenance, he replied, 'Entirely so, my son; and may our posterity to the last generation cling to that cross as their only hope of salvation.'

"And then they said to me, 'We are proud of what we have this day beheld. This beautiful city which you have constructed on foundations laid by us. And we are glad that the children of Father Penn have made it the capitol of this great state. We now leave with you, for all the people, our parting benediction and our sincere

hope that that kind Providence, which has brought so much material prosperity to you, may continue with you. Our prayer is that you make your moral advancement keep pace with your material; then all will be well.

"'We do not regret to leave you. We ask you, when your earthly careers are ended, to follow us to the Paradise of God, of which your surroundings here are a mere foretaste.' And then they seemed to be receding from me, when I exclaimed, 'Abide yet a little. I want to confess to you that when we had our Old Home Week, we were so absorbed in our jollifications among the living that we forgot the dead.

"One of our daughters was more thoughtful, however; she placed a flag on this grave. This, as if by magic, electrified us all and your names were upon all lips.

"An indescribable halo of paternal gratitude seemed to light up their faces as they were lost to my sight. The sun, high up in the heavens, was flooding my room with light and I awoke, to find that I had greatly overslept myself."

Not criticising our dreamer too severely for the inconsistencies which may appear in his dream, let us say ourselves a little about this city of Harrisburg.

The incidental fact that it is the capitol of Pennsylvania is much in its favor to start with.

Three elements are important in the projec-

tion of all beautiful cities. They are, adjacent rivers or large bodies of water, elevations of the land on which they are built and mountains at the proper distance to constitute a perspective.

Harrisburg has all of these to a satisfactory extent for an inland city.

The broad Susquehanna, which rolls by it in a grand curve, is all that could be desired, its bank constituting a driveway which is unsurpassed in adaptation to that purpose by any, even along the lakes. They may be more extensive, but no better in other respects.

The elevations in and immediately surrounding the city, especially where the beautiful Cumberland Valley opens out to the river, are suitable for residential purposes.

It is almost impossible to look at Capitol Hill and not think that the Great Architect made it for some such special purpose as that to which it is now dedicated. It is even superior in topography to Capitol Hill in Washington, for it is a mound, being higher all around than the adjacent land, which is not the case with the hill in Washington. It is no wonder that it impressed itself on the practical mind of John Harris, the founder, as being more than an ordinary hill and being suited and destined for some extraordinary use such as that to which it is now consecrated.

The mountains near Harrisburg are at a proper distance from it to constitute a fine per-

spective. You can follow them, as they bank themselves against the horizon, until they are lost to your vision. In summer they are clothed with verdure and in winter with snow. As you look up the river, you behold that great gap which it has cut through the mountains in its resistless march to the sea, and on both sides of the river the mountains frown upon it as if they regard it as an interloper.

Harrisburg is situated on natural thoroughfares leading north and south and east and west, and is destined, if its inhabitants so will, to become one of the great cities not only of the state, but of the nation. Its people are giving evidence that they recognize its opportunities by the improvements they are making in and all around it. Their many miles of asphalt streets, their trolley and telephone lines, their grand boulevard along the river bank, their parks, their residences, factories, schools and churches, railroads, depots, their capitol and other public buildings, all testify to their progressive aspirations. A glorious future is dawning upon them if they keep their moral and intellectual advancement abreast with their material progress.

Penn Grove Assembly.

People should be more attached to the woods and cultivate more intimate association with the trees, especially in summer time, than they gen-

erally are. There is not only physical, but mental healing in the leaves.

Through a mere casual conversation, I was induced to try the woods at Emig's Grove and kept it up every summer until an eventful event ended the encampment there.

On the morning of the last day of a certain season there, I was standing at my cottage and, looking northward, I saw what seemed to me to be very lively flames under the cottage at the head of the northern row of cottages. This, for an instant, I thought must be an optical illusion, but in a moment I was assured that it was a fire which meant business. I heard the cry of fire and I went toward it, and as I got near one of the officials of the association arrived and exclaimed, "Can't we pull that cottage away from the one next to it?" He has never told us how he expected to do that, as we had neither ropes, tackle, hand spikes or anything else there to do it with.

The wind was blowing hard and the flames did not allow time for much further thought as to what might be done, but were showing what they could do. In a few minutes they had that cottage wrapped in their embrace and, as they were in a hugging mood, they soon reached out for the next cottage, and in just fifty-five minutes they had converted all the cottages on the

grounds into smoke and hurled them up through the tree tops, taking much of the latter along.

It had been so dry that everything inflammable on the grounds was tinderized and was the best kind of food for the flames.

It was amusing to see how many of the campers acted on this occasion. Some hastily retreated from the woods. Some helped other people to carry their property out of their tents, to the neglect of their own. It was certainly a dilapidated-looking camp, with the woods strewn with furniture, clothing etc., etc., and the tents ash piles.

Everybody said, "That ends Emig's Grove," and so it did; but it did not end all. The flames could wipe out the cottages, but they could not do so with the association led by a few heroic spirits, who, if they could not pull cottages out of the track of the flames, they could build other ones on other grounds. The burning of Emig's Grove was the removing of the insuperable obstacle to the removal of the camp to other grounds. They received considerable insurance money and, with what they added to it, they now have a much better encampment at Penn Grove, and the fact is that the burning of Emig's Grove was a blessing in disguise.

Paradoxical as it may seem, excepting where there has been great loss of life, the inhabitants

of cities which have been swept by conflagrations a considerable time after, do not regret that the fires visited them.

Evolution seems to be a law of camp meeting associations, as well as in almost all other natural and human affairs.

This is true of the one of which we are now writing.

The services of former years have been materially changed, so as to be of a more liberal and non-sectarian nature. The fact that, although it is under the auspices of the United Brethren, it is named after the great apostle of the Friends, William Penn, is enough to show its great liberality.

The effect of evolution in it has been so marked that even its name has been changed to that of an assembly instead of a camp.

Whilst the paramount consideration is still religious, other exercises and customs more of a literary and social character, have been adopted.

No doubt other new and attractive features will appear under the liberal policy of this association.

Penn Grove assembly is worthy of the consideration of those who wish to have a pleasant outing and to commune, not only with God, but with the trees of His handiwork, as well as with their fellow creatures.

EXPERIENCES, ETC.

Change of Residence.

At the age of fourteen years I went from Lancaster County, Pa., with a maternal aunt, to reside with her and her brother in Richland County, Ohio.

Having never been more than ten miles from home before, this journey was a continuous panorama of curiosities to me.

A friend who went with us to Lancaster City said to me when we were about to go into the railroad ticket office that I should make myself as small as I could, so that I might go for half fare.

This was a feat which was no more honest than it was easy to perform; but, anyhow, I got through on half fare.

The train came into the station and I was so taken with that, the first locomotive which I had ever seen, that I proceeded to inspect it, but was interrupted by our friend hustling me into the car. That soon became as much of a curiosity almost as the locomotive was.

Soon the car began to move and I thought that it was going fast (the real speed was about ten miles an hour.) Quite soon we stopped at Dillerville, and I had traveled my first and most interesting mile on a steam railroad.

We soon started again and, alert as I was to

see things which we were passing, I soon thought that something in the nature of what is now called a toilet might become very necessary for us.

I made inquiry along this line and was informed that such a place was provided.

This anxiety on my part was told as a joke on me to the folks in Ohio. I however, preferred that kind of a joke to the one which might have occurred if no such place had been provided.

The incline planes, on which we crossed the mountains, specially attracted my observation.

A stationary engine pulled the cars up the mountain by means of a wire rope. I said to the conductor that if he would let me off I would walk up the hill, that I was afraid that that rope would break.

This fear of mine was much more fun for him than it was for me. I am of the opinion that if it had parted when we were nearing the top that the chances of our friends in Ohio seeing us alive would have been about one to sixteen.

In getting to our destination by rail then we had to go by Cleveland. We arrived there after dark. We traveled along the margin of the lake for some distance and could hear the billows breaking on the shore. I had heard the waters of the Old Susquehanna tumbling over its rocky bed, but never had I heard water splashing like that did.

The next morning I had quite forgotten about the lake. I went out on a street which ran toward it, but I was quite a distance from it. I was gazing in wonder at it when a man came along and I said to him, "What is that white blue and rough-looking country out there?" He said, "My boy, I suppose that you are a stranger here; if you have any friends here you had better stay with them; that is Lake Erie."

The blue I saw was the water, the rough appearance was the waves and the white was the foam on their crests. There was a high wind blowing at the time.

We went down to the wharf and went aboard a large steamer, and for the time being the wonders of the railroad were forgotten in the presence of this great ship. There was a man taking his first view of a ship at the same time. There was a large mirror in it; he walked toward it and upon seeing himself in it, said, "There is a man who looks so much like me that I am going to shake hands with him," and he proceeded to try to do so.

When we got to our destination in Ohio, I found some things to be different from what they were at my home in the East. In the East we obtained our water from a perennial spring which came forth from the foot of the hill. In Ohio they obtained water from a cistern at the

corner of the house, which was replenished from the roof of the latter when it rained.

At that time my uncle had a well in a ravine near the buildings, but it collected only surface water. They had a pole balanced on a post and another pole to take the bucket down for the water. This was a very poor substitute for the wells which I had seen in the East, where "The old, oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, the moss-covered bucket," with the windlass and chain, brought forth the pure, soft, crystal water.

My uncle had a well dug in the way in which that was then done. A man said to me, "Let us fool your uncle by throwing water into the well." We did it after night, amid great suppressed merriment. The digger, next morning, shouted the good news up to uncle. But poor uncle's joy was short-lived. He often wondered how that water got there. It was well for somebody that he did not for some time find it out. He was in no humor to be fooled with, for a water smeller, with a forked peach limb, had assured him that he would get water in thirty feet. He never had any more use for the water smeller and his apparatus. And yet we are assured that the forked peach limb is very polite and will bow to the water beneath as it passes over it. This is one of those occult things which baffle the power of the human mind to penetrate.

But modern ingenuity in the construction of

well digging machinery has put the peach limb out of business, for it goes after the water until it finds it, and I am glad to say that the artesian well has also put the old cistern out of business in Ohio, and our friends out there get plenty of good water by means thereof.

A Declaimer.

We had a literary society in the country school which I attended, and I was selected as one of the declaimers on a certain public occasion.

I took part of Webster's Reply to Hayne for my declamation, and I made great preparations for this, to me, interesting performance. My aunt came unobserved upon me when I was rehearsing in the barn, and had just reached that part which says, "When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven," looking and pointing upward to suit the sentiment, when she said, "Hugh, are you going crazy?" The entry of Daniel Webster into the senate chamber, when he made that great speech, was doubtless tame in comparison to the way I walked into Saunders' schoolhouse, on the evening of that performance.

When it came to my number, I stepped upon the platform. I had uttered but a few words when that much dreaded bird, "stage fright," swooped down upon me, sunk its beak into

Webster's Reply to Hayne, and flew away with it. I could not utter a word, and in dismay I retreated to my seat, amid the laughter of the people. I thought Webster's Reply is no good anyhow, and I would have nothing more to do with it. After awhile the teacher came to me and asked me to try it again. He said that he had been in the same fix once, but he tried again and succeeded. I consented, and was getting along right well until I came to that part about beholding the sun, etc., and then, turning my face upward, that contemptible bird flew at me again, and the remainder of Webster's Reply went a glimmering, and I resumed my seat amid greater laughter. I was not seated long until I got mad, and I made up my mind that I would deliver that declamation if it took all night. When the program was ended, I asked the teacher to allow me to try it again. He consented. I took the platform, amid the expectations of the people of another fizzle. I went through with the whole speech, making as many gestures and looking up as much as I pleased, and when I closed the applause made the windows rattle in the old schoolhouse.

This speech of Webster's is one of the few of the many great speeches which has survived oblivion.

The most eloquent part of it, I think, is as follows. I give it from memory: "When my eyes

shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states disseverd, discordant, belligerent; our land rent with civil feuds or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood."

Does it not seem that the veil which conceals the future must have been drawn aside and Webster permitted to look into it, when he threw upon the canvas this wonderful word-painting of the fast approaching events in the history of his country?

How the states seceding, the marching of armies and the blood that flowed on a hundred sanguinary fields crystallized into appalling realities, what his imagination so graphically pictured in that speech. But his vision did not reach far enough to foretell that after the land would be "drenched in fraternal blood," that the once glorious union would be purged of the great wrong which threatened its existence, and become more glorious than it was then.

At Hopedale Normal School.

This school was in Harrison County, Ohio. It was founded by Cyrus McNeeley, as good a man as ever walked upon the soil of that great state. He took with him to that heaven, about which he often preached, the profound respect of all who knew him personally or by reputation.

I attended this school a couple of sessions. One of my schoolmates was George Custer, who became the dashing cavalry officer of the Union army. He was the most mischievous student at the school. He then exhibited many of the daredevil traits which made him famous as a soldier and doubtless cost him his life in his desperate fight with the Indians.

The proprietor of the boarding hall of this school was an abolitionist and kept a prominent station on the underground railroad for transporting runaway slaves across Ohio to Canada.

There was a student in attendance who determined to play a joke on the proprietor in connection with this runaway business. He blackened his face and went down into the woods, from which the runaways always came. The proprietor saw him coming and immediately proceeded to fall into the trap by going down the path and greeting him with a hearty handshake. He then took him into the hall, gave him a good meal, went around among the abolition students and collected money for him and then escorted him a short distance, directing him the way to the next station.

The student feigned to follow directions until he was out of sight and then waited his chance to get back to the hall without him seeing him and taking him for another runaway. He got back to his room all right and soap, water and a

towel soon ended his career as an escaping negro. The joke on the proprietor came out, and as he had himself played jokes on others in his younger days, he took it kindly and said that he had noticed that that nig's hair was entirely too straight to be the genuine article.

This same joker played a tremendous joke one night on a number of his fellow students. There was a friend of his owned an apple orchard about a mile from the hall. He previously arranged with this friend that on a certain night he would lead all the students who would fall into his trap up to the best apples on a tree in the middle of the orchard, that he would climb the tree to shake the apples and then his accomplice was to fire off his old musket. He was to fall to the ground and groan as if wounded.

If there is anything more likely to make a student break the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," than good apples, what is it? Be that as it may, a goodly number fell into temptation, and among them was one who was studying for the ministry.

When they got to the tree designated, the joker mounted it, and when the terrific report of the old musket resounded through the orchard, down he came almost on top of the embryo preacher. The latter exclaimed, "Hell! Are you shot?" and then took to his heels and left the

wounded to die unattended on the field or fall into the hands of the enemy.

The students ran in all directions, stopping for neither fence, stumps, bush or briars, and many of them being strangers to the locality, getting bewildered and not returning to the hall until nearly morning and looking as if they had gone through a cyclone.

The prospective preacher ruined his new shoes. He intimated that as soon as he was licensed to preach, he would take a whack at the apple. He thought, as a theological proposition, that the apple was the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden and that therefore the devil was incarnated in the apple from the beginning and that Father Adam was entitled to much sympathy for yielding to it, especially when it was handed to him amid the bewitching smiles of a brand-new woman.

In this estimate of the apple, he differs from W. J. Bryan, who declares in the Commoner that it is the best of all fruits; but he will certainly concede that the would-be preacher is right as to the distilled apple. Some people find the devil in that sure.

There was a young lady attending this school who was a good match for this student along mischievous lines. She concluded, one Saturday morning when there was no school, to play Fortune Teller. Preparing for her job, she came

across the campus when many of the students, male and female, were on it. All at once "Fortune Teller!" resounded all around the place.

The mysterious veil which separates the present from the future was the very thing that those young people wanted pulled aside, therefore this fortune teller's seance was a howling success from the start, and did not end until every one about there had had the veil pulled aside, at ten cents per capita. Of course she had the decided advantage of knowing them all and did her best to tell them all just what they wanted to hear. She could not make the thing satisfactory in those cases where there were two or more boys after the same girl or vice versa, but in the aggregate they voted her the greatest fortune teller. Her fame, however, was short-lived, for this joke, like nearly all others, came out.

At Damascoville Academy.

I. P. and J. G. Hole, two graduates of the Hopedale Normal School, had founded an academy at Damascoville, Ohio, and J. G., having considerable fame as an orator, I concluded to go to their school to take instructions in elocution.

He had graduated at Hopedale before I went there. I only knew of his oratorical abilities from what was said there about him. I found him to fill the measure of all that I had heard of

him. Had he lived, he would have inscribed his name on the roll of fame as an orator; but, alas, fate had otherwise decreed as to him. That appalling enemy of mankind and especially of genius, consumption, was lurking in his system. He delivered an address at Salem, five miles east of Damascoville, and then came home through the chilly night air. Noticing the next day that he looked badly, I said to him, "You overdid yourself last night. You had better take things more moderately." He laughed and replied, "Oh! it's better to wear out than rust out." But when, soon after, consumption in its "ghastly form" stood rapping at his door, he not only tried the rust out plan and took a rest, but he went away to the west where he had been told that others had escaped from this terrible enemy; but it had no respite for him. He soon came back, forlorn and hopeless. All the aspirations of college days had taken their flight and soon death silenced that eloquent voice.

Why he should reach the very borders of triumph and then fall must remain unsolved until all things shall be revealed.

His brother, I. P. Hole, lived for many years, enjoying the pleasures of a profound scholar, and then went to his final rest. Let them sleep in honored graves until that voice which can awake them shall call them forth.

But let us leave this sombre line of thought and take up the reverse.

About Christmas a young man from the West had the temerity to come right into our midst at Damascoville Academy and lay matrimonial claim to what was regarded by one student, at least, as the prettiest girl in the school.

The inclination to flock in pairs and those pairs to be always composed of a different sex seems to be a part of human nature. Bring a lot of boys and girls together and if opportunity offers they are sure to segregate in pairs. We were no exception.

Whilst many of the students from abroad at the academy did not agree with this student on this girl being the prettiest girl in the school, they did sympathize with him, in being thus so ruthlessly deprived of her, and they also were unanimous in the intent that this should not be quietly done. So a calithumpian serenade was resolved upon. Amid all the noise that instruments used for such purposes would make, we marched to the place where the nuptials were being celebrated and we proceeded to enact a part not on the original program. After awhile I was unexpectedly called upon to make an address. By this time the wedding party was all on the porch and I heard it suggested by one of the ladies that they should retire, but another said "McClune is a gentleman, and I want to

hear him." That was the nicest compliment I had received for some time and I resolved to deserve it. It was a beautiful clear night and the full moon was smiling down upon us. I wove into that speech something about that moon symbolizing the bride and the sun which was soon to follow, the bridegroom, and the new year, in which they were to commence their journey down the avenues of domestic bliss.

It was the custom of the professors to begin the school exercises by reading from the Bible. The next morning I. P. Hole selected that portion which does not express any admiration for fools. It soon penetrated my apprehension, especially from the sarcastic way in which he uttered the word fool, that there was a cyclone coming, the centre of which was our performance the night before. And I was right, for such a lecturing as we received has very seldom ever been hurled from a college platform at a lot of recalcitrant students. It concluded with the declaration that if a very humble apology, the main parts of which were stated, was not forthcoming by a certain time, every one not doing so would be expelled.

Here was a crisis, sure. As all the students not from that immediate neighborhood were in it, we called a meeting and determined to stay or go together and then adjourned to another meeting. We knew that our return home, al-

though in some respects like the prodigal's, it would not likely be the fatted calf which might get hurt.

Before our second meeting took place J. G. Hole had an interview with me, stating that they had started this school in this Quaker settlement and, whilst he did not personally think that we had done anything wrong, still the people thought we had and threatened to take their children all away from the school and that their children constituting much the larger part, it would ruin their school if they all left, and that they thought that they could satisfy the people if they required this apology. He asked me as a friend to favor apologizing, and of course under such circumstances I heartily felt like doing so. I knew the mood that the serenaders were in and that here was a stiff job on my hands. There was one of them an able debater, and I feared him, but I got him all right before the meeting. The resolution to apologize was carried by a slim majority and the young Quakers and the wild foreigners remained together in the school.

At the commencement a talented young Quakeress read an essay in which she pathetically described how this tornado had come so near destroying the school. But she said that this band of climbers up the rugged hill of science were all better students after this than

before. She, however, did not quote any Scripture about fools in her essay.

Let me say a word in passing about the Quakers who, it has already appeared, are very numerous in the neighborhood of Damascoville.

If doing unto others as you would have them do unto you is evidence of the true Christian disposition, this evidence was very much in evidence in the conduct of these people toward their neighbors.

The following trick played by myself and my roommate, I must confess showed us not to have learned anything along this line from these people. There was a young man who hailed from near there who brought with him the most amusing looking bedsteads we had ever seen. The upper part of the posts reached nearly to the ceiling and the parts from the bed down were very short, thus bringing the bed near the floor. One day when this young man was out to recitation, I said to my roommate, "Don't you think that those bedsteads are tired standing that way? Let us turn them upside down." "We'll do it," he said; and we did. Then, with the bed nearly at the ceiling, it looked much more amusing than before. When we heard him coming we were studying hard, like good students ought to. He went into his room and then we heard him say, "This is awful; somebody wants to break my heart." My chum, with

a look of innocence, went into his room and asked, "What is the matter?" With tears rolling down his cheeks he said, "Look at those bedsteads. The last thing my mother told me when I started with them was that I was to take good care of them."

There was at that school, like there is at nearly all, a "school devil." My chum told him that he had no doubt that that fellow had done this. "Yes," he says, "I believe he did it," and then the crying lamb of a few minutes' before turned into a roaring lion. He swore that he would lick the devil out of him just as soon as he met him. He said he would not care for himself, but he shan't insult my mother by using her bedsteads in that way. We knew that he had the muscle to do what he threatened, but we did not want him to do do it, so we hastened to warn "the devil" of danger, confessing all to him, and it being just such a trick as he liked, he kept out of the way until the lion and the lamb dispositions of the other fellow laid down in peace together.

I was invited on one occasion to deliver a lecture on education at a little town not far from Damascoville. I, without thinking that I must be the whole show, accepted the invitation. When I got into the place I was informed that the schoolhouse was crowded. Then I began to seriously size up the situation. What if that old

bird stage fright was flying around there like it was at Saunders' schoolhouse? I thought that I would play sudden illness and have the lecture postponed, but at last I resolved that "live or die, survive or perish," that lecture I would deliver.

As I walked through the audience I heard them say, "There he is," and I thought, "I wish I wasn't here."

The president, in introducing me, called me the young orator of Damascoville Academy. That was not helping me any, for I thought they will expect more of me now. I spoke for nearly an hour and wound up by thanking them for listening to me, which apparently a good many of them had not done.

I do not suppose that if I could see that speech in cold type I would know it, and if I did I probably would want to give it the cold shoulder.

Teaching Country School and Lecturing.

When I was nineteen years old, I undertook to teach a country school.

There used to be a great fascination to young men in the profession of helping the minds of the young to sprout and often applying the sprout to their corporeal systems at the same time. I had a spell of that fascination.

I began my school with much enthusiasm, which also was no unusual thing. It was all

rules at the beginning, and if I had remained, it no doubt would have been as is often the case, no rules at the end.

My school went along right well for the first month or so and until the larger boys came. Among them was that incorrigible (there are always such) whose reputation had preceded him, as in such cases it always does.

One day I caught him at some great mischief and I proceeded against him like the United States did against Spain, without declaring war.

I bombarded him on the top of his head with a good sized hickory chip, which struck him with such force that it bounded up to the ceiling of the school house. This raised a great furore in the whole district. I was severely criticised for that kind of corporal punishment, but I claimed that it was mild considering the offense and that a brickbat would have been more appropriate to bring that boy to a sense of his duty. As pretty nearly everybody was against me, I told them to take their old school and bad boy and I quit.

After I left Damascoville Academy I engaged in lecturing on phrenology and selling the publications of Fowler and Wells, of New York.

I was young and sometimes had considerable trouble to manage my audiences. On one occasion I was to lecture in a neighborhood where there was much prejudice against phrenology.

It was intimated to me that my meeting was to be broken up. Whilst on my way to the schoolhouse I heard a number of shots, which I supposed came from the outposts of the enemy. The rumor that my meeting was to be broken up brought out a big crowd. The schoolhouse stood in a grove and it could well be said that the woods were full of them.

They gave me a chance, of course, to begin my meeting, for they could not break it up if it was never begun.

Before commencing to lecture, I said to them that I would recite a poem known as "Bingen on the Rhine." I put all the sympathetic tones into telling in verse the sad story of that soldier's death in a foreign land and what he told his comrade to tell his friends at home. By the time I was done there were no more pistol shots to be heard, no more hallooing. Standing room in the schoolhouse was at a big premium and the windows filled with people looking in. I immediately proceeded to a very interesting subject in phrenology. I spoke for over an hour to as respectful an audience as I ever addressed. That soldier who had died years before, in Algiers, won the victory for me. Some of the young men after the lecture came to me and shook my hand kindly and confessed that they had come there to break up my meeting, but that dying soldier

was too much for them. They had, as it were, come to scoff, but stayed to pray.

On another occasion I stopped in the midst of my lecture and secured order by reciting that very pathetic poem known as "Poor Little Jim."

I went to lecture in a town in Ohio. A political battle over the election of a governor was raging. The friend of phrenology to whom I went said, "If you were O. S. Fowler himself you could not get anybody here to give you any attention to phrenology. The people here are crazy on politics." I replied that I had a lecture which treated of civil government. He said, "That will not do. They will say civil government is played out; what we want is to elect our man governor." And then this mischief of the town (nearly all towns have them) came boldly to what he wanted. He said, "I heard that you were coming and I studied out how I think we can outwit the cranks of both parties, if you will agree to do it." He said, "Let us have it reported that a phrenologist is going to lecture who claims that he can tell a man's politics from his head." He said if I would agree to that we will get a crowd, sure. I hesitated a little and then consented. With his hands he was to give me certain signals, which told the politics of the person.

We had a rousing rally at the hall. I made a

very brief talk and then proceeded to the political examinations.

I hit the subjects with "This man loves the negro. This man hates the negro. This man swears by Horace Greely. This man swears at Horace Greely. This man is for Stephen A. Douglass. This man is for Fred. Douglass, the negro. This man thinks that Andrew Jackson was the whole show. This man thinks that Andrew Jackson was nothing but a show."

It can well be imagined what enthusiasm these delineations produced. I stayed right with my friend until I left the next morning. It would have been very unsafe for us to have parted, as more politics might want to be told.

My friend said that deportation, if not death, would be his fate if it was found out. I have often thought about whether it was wrong for us to fool these people. They had lots of fun at ten cents apiece. I have concluded that we were like the Spartan soldiers, who were not punished for stealing, but for getting caught at it.

I told this story to a Jacksonian York County Democrat, and he said, "McClune, I have a notion to lick you yet for helping to fool those Democrats. Fooling the Republicans was all right."

J. G. Hole, of whom I have already spoken, was considerably older than I was. He wore a high-crowned light-colored hat with long fur on

it. He being a reputed orator, I imitated him, even to the hat I wore. Now it can easily be imagined how a fellow only 19 years old looked in such a hat.

I had a lecture at a schoolhouse and left my hat on a window at the other end of the room from the platform. When I came to get my hat I found it terribly mutilated. Some fellow who had a keen-edged knife and still keener wits had slit the hat longitudinally until the ribbons it was cut into would have reached half way across the schoolroom. This caused a first-class sensation among the young men who had knowledge of the trick. The matter ended by one of them suggesting that they raise money and go to a nearby store and get me a hat; and they did it, they said as friends, to stop me from wearing that peculiar hat, which they thought lowered me in public estimation, and I have no doubt it did. But the joke was not all at my expense, as I got a new hat at their expense.

I visited, in my capacity as an itinerant phrenologist, Bethany college, in West Virginia, which was established by Alexander Campbell, the great founder of the Christian church. I had read his debate with an eminent Presbyterian divine on the subject of baptism, and I found that neither convinced the other of error, as is usually the result of such debates.

I was surprised at the attention the bishop

gave me, as I was entirely unknown to him. He took me on the rostrum with him at the morning opening service and introduced me to the students. I never could determine whether the cause of this treatment was inspired by his kindness of disposition or because Fowler and Wells, the great phrenologists, had used his portrait and had credited him with having a remarkably good head in many respects.

I found it to be almost without exception that if phrenology complimented the person the person complimented phrenology and vice versa.

But to return to my narrative, I thought that well as the old bishop treated me, I could see sinister signs in the manifestations of some of those mischievous looking southern students. I had a lecture announced in a room which the bishop kindly granted me and in the meantime I sold all the charts and books I could, the students patronizing me quite freely. I came to the conclusion, however, that I would not try "Bingen on the Rhine" or "Poor Little Jim," on them, so I took the stage and when the time came for that lecture I wasn't there, but I have no doubt that the students were.

I was lecturing in a certain neighborhood. A friend of phrenology, with whom I was stopping, told me that a man had died there many years before, of whom many strange stories were still told. He stated that this man was

buried in a family graveyard not far away; that the fence around the yard had fallen down; that the relatives of the man had all gone west and that I might as well have his skull to see what it indicated along phrenological lines. He furnished me with the tools and a man to go along and help to obtain it. It was a clear, moonlight night. After we had dug some I noticed that my assistant ceased to dig with any vigor. I mentioned it to him and he said he would confess that he did not wish to be the one to reach the skull. I told him to let me try it. I soon yanked it out.

Somebody stirred this thing up, which resulted in a warrant being put into the hands of the very man, as constable, who had told me about it and furnished the tools to do the work with.

He served the warrant on me by sending me such word as somewhat expedited my departure to another part of the state, where I proceeded to lecture as usual, without any interference.

In concluding this paragraph, I wish to say, I think that the main features of phrenology are correct and that no other system of mental philosophy furnishes such a complete nomenclature of the faculties of the mind.

Advocating Peace.

A few months before the great Civil War commenced I delivered an address in Massasoit

Hall, Strasburg, Lancaster County, Pa., on the subject of the threatening conflict between the North and the South.

People can now have but a faint idea of the intense interest which the people then took in this subject.

Any little unusual display in the heavens was declared to be a certain omen of the coming war. About this time there was an extraordinary display of the aurora borealis and also a comet appeared, and all this added greatly to the excitement then prevailing.

In my address referred to I pointed out the terrible consequences of such a war, much of which was verified by the subsequent conflict.

I claimed that, although I was friendly to the south, that rather than have a war it ought to consent to gradual emancipation of the slaves and that the north ought to agree to help pay for them.

I severely arraigned those, both north and south, who were howling for war.

For what I said in this speech I was taken severely to task and called a peace howler.

I had reason to congratulate myself not very long ago when I first learned that after the war had been raging for more than two years President Lincoln suggested to his cabinet that a proposition be submitted to the Confederacy to end the war, the main idea of which was com-

pensation for the slaves. It was ignored by the cabinet, but Lincoln was right. And if he was right, then I was right. Had that been done and accepted by the south it would have saved Lincoln's life and the southern people from great loss and humiliation.

There was great difference of opinion among the people right before the war as to whether it would come or not. This is mostly the way people dangle around this vortex before plunging into it. The Hon. Thaddeus Stevens had a talk with a little man named John Laughlin on this subject. Laughlin said that there would be war, sure. Stevens belittled the idea and said if there was the south would be defeated in ninety days. He said that the south was bluffing but would not go to war. When a couple of years after this the Confederate soldiers wrapped his iron works in Pennsylvania in flames and sent them in smoke to the skies, he no doubt concluded that little Johnny Laughlin had beat him to a finish as a war prophet.

Mr. Stevens, let it be said to his great credit, refused compensation from the government for his loss, saying that it was the result of war and he must bear his share of its misfortunes.

If the people of the United States had peaceably abolished slavery, it is true that they would not now have so many military heroes' names to worship, nor battlefields to adorn, nor stories of

heroic deeds to recount; but neither would hundreds of thousands of them have went to premature graves. Nor would billions of dollars' worth of property have been worse than wasted and an enormous debt and pension roll created to hang like a millstone around the necks of even generations then unborn; and worse than all, the demoralization inseparable from civil war would not have swept over the country like a besom of desolation.

A Soldier.

In August, A. D. 1862, I was in Lancaster City, Pa., and, being out of employment, caused by the war, I joined W. H. Philips in raising a company of soldiers under the call of Gov. Curtin for nine-month volunteers, Philips to be captain and I first lieutenant.

Philips' misrepresentation of the number of men which he said he had secured to join the company was my first realization of the fact that he was not to be relied upon.

The greatest objection I had to contend with in getting volunteers, was that they thought that it was an abolition war. In reply to this, I referred them to President Lincoln's answer to a body of eminent abolitionists who waited upon him personally and requested him to issue an emancipation proclamation, which he declined to do.

Our company was put into the 135th Penna. Volunteers and the regiment assigned to guard duty in and around Washington City, D. C.

Our camp was not far from the congressional buildings and I, having much leisure time, went there to listen to the proceedings in congress.

One of the most prominent anti-administration representatives in the house was C. L. Valandingham, of Ohio. I heard him with a few words quiet the confusion which would not yield to the speaker's gavel. He was openly opposed to the war and charged the bringing of it on to the conduct of the leading men North and South. He was at one time forcibly sent through the lines into the Confederacy.

An extraordinary tribute was paid to him as an orator in Philadelphia, during President Johnson's regime. The friends of the latter attempted to hold an out-door mass meeting in that city. Their speakers were howled into silence. The same crowds that did this, learning that Valandingham was at a hotel in the city, surged around to it, called for him and listened and applauded what he had to say. No greater tribute than this could be paid to a public speaker. The resonance of his voice was a sedative to human passions.

Any roll of American orators which omits his name is surely incomplete.

But to return to my narrative, there had been

a conspiracy formed between Colonel J. R. Porter, Captains Philips and Espy, of our regiment, to get my place in the company for the colonel's cousin. This was to be accomplished by charging me with uttering disloyal sentiments and sustaining this charge with some of the non-commissioned officers of my company, who expected to be promoted through my removal and who did not know that the colonel's cousin was to get the place.

This conspiracy soon met its deserved fate, by the men of the company making it so warm for the cousin that he had to leave it.

My Arrest, Trial and Sentence.

I have no doubt that what I am about to give of my experience in connection with the War of the Rebellion will be the first that some of those who know me ever heard of it. But there are others who have heard of it and who may be under erroneous and vague ideas about it which are unfair to me and which they may impart to others. It is wise for a fellow, if he knows that he lives in a glass house, to not invite others to throw stones at it; but if he thinks that it is not a glass house, his duty to himself requires that he challenge the throwing of stones at it to test its quality.

This is where I stand with regard to the recti-

tude of my attitude toward the government in the Civil War.

Let me say to the reader who knows himself to be innocent of having committed any offense, that if an officer was to confront you with a warrant for your arrest it could not be more of a surprise to you than it was to me on that beautiful afternoon of October 13, 1862, when I was put under arrest by the colonel of my regiment and told by him that I would find Major Sherburne, the adjutant general to whom he said that he was ordered to send me, to be a "fine gentleman." I was unconscious of having done any wrong whatever against the United States.

When we got to his office we waited for him at least two hours. When he made his appearance, he said that he had been down town and had overstayed his time. The fact was that he was drunk. In his maudlin condition he entered upon the farce of giving me a hearing. I had the temerity to attempt to cross-examine my accusers. He immediately stopped me, declaring that I had no right to ask any questions. I then asked him to ask my questions for me. He even refused to do that.

After this entirely one-sided farce ended, he staggered into an adjoining office and soon returned and blubbered out that General Wadsworth, military governor of the District of Columbia, had committed me to the old Capitol

Prison. Wadsworth had not heard a word of the testimony nor was he with him long enough to tell him what it was. He then remarked that I would hear from my case in a day or so, and this he knew was false.

In my iron-grated quarters I made repeated inquiries of the officers of the prison about my case, but could learn nothing. Thus I was kept in suspense for four long dreary weeks and then, without any notice whatever of the time of my trial or any opportunity to prepare for it, I was dragged before an inquisition packed against me.

Major R. W. Shenk, of our regiment, a prominent attorney in Lancaster City and a Thaddeus Stevens Republican, who had no sympathy with me politically, but who thought that I was being greatly wronged, and who was trying to get me released, gave such a correct description in a letter to me of the court by which I was tried that I here copy it. He wrote:

"I know that Porter appointed a cousin of his to the vacancy created by your sentence before it was published by the proper authorities. Philips sold himself to Porter to bring the charges against you and to swear the case through. The court was packed. Porter was president and Captain Espy, deep in the villainy of Porter, was a prominent member. Espy was in town a few weeks ago and told me that your sentence was fixed before you were found guilty.

I congratulate myself on having this vivid pen picture of this court written by another, and he a radical Republican at that.

It is to be regretted that a picture of this "packed" and "villainous" court was not taken so that the painter's brush could have put it upon canvas, to warn coming generations of the vicious effects of civil war.

Of course I protested against Porter, one of the conspirators against me, being a member of the court to try me, but he had the amazing audacity to remain on the court and the balance of the court the cowardly sycophancy to not only allow him to do so, but to let him be the presiding member of it.

I did not then know that Espy, another member of the inquisition, was "deep in the villainy of Porter," or of course I would have objected to him also.

This packed star chamber went through for eight days the roaring farce of pretending to give me a trial.

Uttering disloyal sentiments, was the charge insisted upon against me. The specifications alleged that I had said, "The present government is waging an abolition war against the south. The confiscation of rebel property is not right. If our government is successful in this war, it will bring on us a far greater war than the pres-

ent. The south are fighting for their rights and cannot be conquered."

These specifications were a monstrous distortion of what I had said, in a conversation with Lieutenant Souders, of Co. K of our regiment, and it was to him and on the 8th day of October, 1862, at a certain hour, that the witnesses who were expecting promotion by my removal said I was talking, when I made use of certain language which did not even fully agree with said specifications.

As they had thus brought Lieutenant Souders into the very centre of this question of fact, and as the lieutenant was a radical Republican and there could be no reason to think that he would desire to shield me in this matter and as he was entirely disinterested, did not the least desire on the part of that tribunal to ascertain the truth suggest that it should have the lieutenant called before it as a witness? It did nothing of the kind and when I had him called to show first that the talk I had with him was not where these witnesses said it was at all, Porter, the presiding officer of the court, ruled it out; but this was more than even that packed inquisition would stand and the lieutenant was allowed to answer and said it was at the sutler store that we had talked. The witnesses had put it at another place. He said that we had talked about the proclamation and that I was opposed to it, but

that I did not use the language stated in those specifications. I then proposed to have him asked if I had at any time said anything to him that was disloyal. This question he was not allowed to answer.

This, I claim, shows most conclusively that this inquisition was packed to convict me. That it did not want the truth.

These specifications and the confused and contradictory statements of the witnesses were utter falsifications of what I had said to Lieutenant Souders. I had said to him that the proclamation was in conflict with the president's answer to the abolition committee which had waited on him and that I did not think it was right. I had said that the southern people must think that they are fighting for their rights or they would not fight as they were doing. These were the expressions which these interested witnesses distorted into such expressions as contained in those specifications. But then their testimony was not only inconsistent with each other, but was inconsistent in material matters with the said specifications which they were called to sustain.

I remained in the Old Capitol for weeks after the trial, anxiously waiting to learn my fate.

I was standing at my window one evening, when a paper called the Evening Star was handed to me and, in looking over it, I came up-

on this caption, "Served Him Right." I hastened to find out who had been served right when so many, with myself, were being served wrong. I read the following: "A general order just issued, confirms the sentence of a recent court-martial in the case of Lieutenant H. H. McClune. The sentence is that he be cashiered and be deprived from ever holding any office of honor or trust under the United States, and that he be confined in the Old Capitol Prison, or such other place as the commanding general may direct, during the present rebellion, and that this sentence be published throughout the United States."

How could such an outrageous sentence as that be put upon me, even admitting that I had said all that was alleged? No overt act was charged against me, nothing but language uttered.

Callous indeed must be the judgment of any person who would seriously contend that there was any aggravation in the charge which was commensurate with the cruel terms of this sentence. This brings us to the important question, what was the motive and who inspired the sentence?

The conspirators, to get my place for the colonel's cousin, did not need to do it. All they wanted was to get me out of my lieutenantcy.

One of them (Captain Espy) said my sentence

was fixed before I was convicted. They did not need to do this, either, to accomplish their purpose. Let me see if I cannot now tell the source of this monstrous sentence.

The issuance of the premonitory abolition proclamation caused great dissatisfaction in the army. Almost all the Democrats and even many Republicans were opposed to it. It lead to so much interference with discipline that General McClellan was induced to issue an order to repress the discussion of the subject by the soldiers.

This did not by any means cause it to cease. In fact it was in such conflict with the right of free speech, which the soldiers did not think that they lost when they enlisted, that it only aggravated the discussion in many places.

What would be so likely to meet this military emergency as to make a striking example of some one on this subject? There it was my misfortune to be right at headquarters, and a charge along this line pending against me. I was a soldier. It was my misfortune. I must be made the victim.

This is plainly shown by the fact that the sentence was to be published throughout the United States. Why do that if not to let others know of it? and why have them know of it if not to deter them from criticising the administration for issuing this proclamation?

This was the "insuperable obstacle" to which Stanton referred when he repeatedly refused to release me at the request of Governor Curtin and others. He could not tacitly confess that this sentence was so imposed upon me by releasing me.

Thus my position was changed from that of being the victim of a foul conspiracy to take my commission from me and give it to the cousin of the colonel of the regiment, to that of being the victim of a scheme of the secretary of war to deter the officers of the whole United States army from expressing adverse opinions of the abolition policy of the administration at Washington. This was giving me a tremendous promotion along the line of exploitation, at least.

The matter of whether I had been guilty of anything or not was entirely submerged under the usual extenuation of military necessity. Military necessity stood sponsor for many outrages during the war. I was the victim of one of them.

Became Desperate.

Very soon after learning of my sentence through a newspaper, for I was never officially informed of it, as required by law, I came to the conclusion that the Old Capitol was likely to be my home for a long time, for the end of the rebellion was not then in sight.

I had been kept in room No. 6 with other officers. One morning Superintendent Wood came in and said that he would take us to Carroll Prison, about a square away, saying that he ought not to take me there. I made no reply to this. He took us there without even a guard to accompany us. He went into our room, which certainly was a great improvement over our other room, and said, "Here will be a splendid place for this d——d Irish orator to make speeches," uttering the word Irish with a sneer. This was more than the Irish which is in me could stand. I asked him how he could speak lightly of the men who, at the front, were protecting him and his prisoners from falling into the hands of the Confederates. He said that he would take me back and put me in with the deserters. I told him that if he thought that I deserved to be thus treated, to take me back, that I expected to have to drink the very dregs of the cup of fanatical persecution. With a string of horrid oaths he went downstairs and got three soldiers with loaded muskets and bayonets fixed, and took me back and put me in the room with the deserters.

There were about seventy-five persons confined in this room. Its dimensions were about twenty-three feet square. The lice and bed bugs, when not feeding on the prisoners, were mas-

querading around as if congratulating themselves on feasts yet to come.

I, in the meantime, came to the conclusion that those who could impose such an infamous sentence upon me would carry it out and, conscious of my innocence, I made up my mind that I would be betraying myself if I did not embrace every opportunity to escape from such remorseless environments. I in fact became desperate.

I was there only a few days when a sentry on one of the outposts told me to come to him at 12 o'clock that night and he would let me pass out. He was from my regiment. He said that nearly all of the men in the regiment sympathized with me and said that it was an outrage that I was kept there. This favor was voluntary on his part, for I had never spoken to him.

When the time came, I quietly crept from my bank and when I got near him he whispered to me that he was being watched. I started to go back, but was met by an officer, who said that if I would tell him who had the money to bribe that sentry with, that I might go back to my room, otherwise I would be put in the guard-house. I told him that it was impossible for me to tell what I did not know. There were others caught at the same time. Whether they were to pay the sentry or not, I never learned. We were kept in the guard-house four days on bread and water, in the month of February,

without any fire at which to warm ourselves or sufficient blankets to protect us from the cold.

In a couple of weeks I made another attempt to escape by offering a Dutch sentry my watch. He looked at it and set up such a jabbering as could be heard all around. He said, in substance, "Oh! it is a nice votch, but mine Gott, I dare not! I gets in the guard-house! I gets tried! I gets hung! I gets shot mit a court-martial!" This time I was handcuffed and kept in the guard-house thirty-six hours without blankets or fire, and, to add to my horror, the third of the trio of doomdom (I have mentioned the lice and bed bugs) made its appearance, in the shape of monstrous rats seemingly ready to devour me if I attempted to sleep. Reader, imagine yourself living on bread and water, overcome with want of sleep, with cold iron bands freezing your wrists, rats running over your body, no blankets to keep you warm in the month of February and then you will have a little taste of the hell which civil war brings upon a people.

Very soon after I was taken out of the guard-house, nothing daunted by past failures, out of that infernal prison I was bound to get, dead or alive.

When I was in room No. 6, I could see that the outside cellar-door was not locked. We burned a hole through the floor in our room to get into the cellar. Some thirty of the prisoners

agreed to follow me, but when it came to going into that gloomy cellar, only one followed me.

We reached the cellar-door, but when I tried to push the hasp up, something no doubt arranged for the purpose fell, making a noise and attracting the sentry on that beat. We were kept seven days on bread and water. The man who followed me was an Irishman of unbounded courage. The guard-house was a dilapidated affair. We were not in there long until he proceeded to demolish "the whole d——d outfit," as he called it.

They put the handcuffs on him, but his hands were smaller than his wrists, and just as soon as they left he slipped them off and proceeded with the demolition. They were glad to get rid of him.

I was planning another way of escape when a trip to Tortugas relieved me of all further confinement, at the Old Capitol, at least.

In my efforts to escape, I kind of retaliated on Superintendent Woods for his putting me in with the deserters. He seemed anxious to get on speaking terms with me, but I refused.

I was informed that on a certain Sunday morning before I was there that Woods went through the prison exclaiming that, "All ye who want to hear the Lord God preached according to Jeff Davis, go down to the yard; and all ye

who want to hear the Lord God preached according to Abe Lincoln, go down to No. 16.

Woods was an outspoken infidel and hence this scoffing announcement; and yet he was all right with professing christians, because of the uses to which he could be put in the prosecution of a cruel war.

He was very familiar with the topography of Northern Virginia and was a good sleuth to put upon the trail of citizens who were suspected of sympathizing with the South.

I heard nothing more of Woods until many years after the war. I went once out of curiosity when in Washington, to see him. I found him in a little, dilapidated printing office. He either had or pretended that he had, forgotten all about me. Fortunate, indeed, it must have been for his peace of conscience, if he had any, that he could forget so easily how he exercised his brutal power over those who were so unfortunate as to fall into it. He has now passed over the river to, I hope, a peaceful shore, and he may rest assured that if I had his liberty in my power, as he once had mine, I would not bring him back and put him in with the deserters.

Our sombre abode in the Old Capitol was for the time being relieved by a very pleasant incident, on Christmas Day. There was a handsome young lady mounted on a spirited horse, which she very gracefully rode, came galloping up to the front of the prison, dismounted, and went in.

The inquiry at once arose, "who is she? Is she a 'reb' or a 'yank'?"

It was in due time announced that she was the chairwoman of a committee of hospitable ladies, which intended to bombard the Confederate prisoners therein confined with a Christmas dinner, and to such an assault the latter were not at all averse. This was considered, in fact, glorious news for the "rebs", but little consolation for the "yanks." But soon it was stated that all were to participate. This was no less welcome news to the hospitable "rebs" than the "yanks."

The walls of that historic building never reverberated with more glorious acclaim than it did when all joined in applause for the generous committee and its chairwoman. Had everybody, North and South, from Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, down, imbibed the spirit of reunion of that occasion, the war would soon have been ended.

As it was, however, that was the last re-union between "yank" and "reb' until thousands of them had, on bloody battlefields, sent each other to untimely soldiers' graves. In bidding adieu to the Old Capitol, let me say something about its associations.

Its walls at one time resounded with the eloquence of many of America's statesmen. It was from it that the great soul of John C. Calhoun took its departure from the turbulent scenes of

earth. Far seeing as he may have been, he surely did not foresee that the contest in which he had figured so prominently would so soon culminate in such an appalling condition of his countrymen; that the walls of this very building in which he was dying would resound with the rattle of the saber and musket and the call of the sentry in the work of imprisoning American citizens.

A couple of years ago I was in Washington and was sitting in a street car near where the Old Capitol stood. The motorman, who was telling me about some things in the city, pointed to this place and said that he had been told that there a prison stood in the time of the war, in which many people were imprisoned. I replied that if my memory served me rightly, his information was correct, and if I was able to identify myself, I was one of them. He looked at me as if he thought that I had escaped from a lunatic asylum, turned on his current and left, without saying another word.

Thankful should the people be that that awful reminder of the days of vengeance has been demolished and now peaceable homes stand upon those grounds, and they should be proud of that magnificent Congressional Library, the gift of peace and the home of knowledge, which stands near by where this dingy old prison once stood and held its victims.

We were taken from Washington to Hampton Roads on a little vessel called the Major Belger and there transferred to the Blackstone, a large steamer.

Soon after we got away from storm-tossed Cape Hatteras and were gliding south over a calm sea, there was a cry "A man overboard." Our vessel turned and went around in a circle, but nothing could be seen of the man and we at once sped on our way. A human life was involved, but that is always cheap in time of war.

This was not only a striking lesson of the uncertainty of life, but also in the deception which lurks in environments. Had such an accident taken place amid the dangerous waters of Hatteras, it might have been expected, but where it did occur it was just as unanticipated.

There was on board the Blackstone a man who claimed that he was a nephew of Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war.

Soon after we left Fortress Monroe this man sent for me to come up to his cabin. I responded to his request. He said that he was on his way to New Orleans to fill an office to which his uncle had appointed him. He said that he had examined the papers and learned from the officer who had the prisoners in charge that there were no records accompanying me with

regard to my case and that he suspected that there was foul play in it.

Was it not very strange that that truth chose the billows of Cape Hatteras as the first place for it to be stated to me and to come from the lips of an utter stranger?

I told him what I claimed were the circumstances in my case and that his suspicion was certainly well founded.

He said that as soon as he arrived at New Orleans he would write to his uncle and try to secure my release.

I thought, however, that this real or alleged nephew of Stanton's had an ulterior purpose in getting on good terms with me just at this time. I was looked upon as a kind of leader of the prisoners.

The soldiers constituting the guard which was sent with us being few in numbers and never having been on the sea, were soon in a helpless condition from seasickness. Many of the prisoners had been seamen and did not get sick. That they could easily have overpowered the guard, seized their arms and taken command of the boat was a propositon rather calculated to disturb the equanimity of this man, as well as the others on the boat. He said that it was a rumor at Fortress Monroe before we left, that the Alabama was in these waters. He asked me what I thought that the prisoners would do if it

came upon us. I replied that with nothing but those two little cannon on our deck to fight with, we would have to choose between surrendering to the Alabama or the ocean. He said he guessed I was about right and that it would be folly to try to make a fight under our circumstances.

I went back to my quarters and then I thought about the Alabama and how it might change my situation if we fell into its power. How gladly, I thought, would I step from a deck which symbolized outrage and tyranny to me, to that of any craft which held out good hopes of recovering my personal liberty. But the Alabama failed to turn up and proved to be no better means of my escape than were the hopes held out to me by this alleged nephew of Stanton. I never heard from him.

If he wrote to him about my case, no doubt he treated his communication with the same tyrannical insolence with which he treated all efforts to have me released and all requests from the commanding officer at Tortugas to send the official papers in my case.

Officials of a nation are often instruments for the punishment of its people. They are in the same category with the locusts and pestilence. Stanton certainly performed his part well as such. And it is nearly always the case that those who perform such a part finally turn upon and

destroy themselves. It was said that Stanton was an awful victim of remorse. That it ate its way into his conscience. I know not whether this is true or not, but I do know that I would, if I could, remove any "insuperable obstacle" in his way from being released from such remorse, if it still has him in its grasp.

At Tortugas.

On the morning of April 11, 1863, as the darkness departed from the face of the waters, we could see looming up in the distance the frowning battlements of Fort Jefferson, the place at which I was to be futher deprived of my liberty for more than two years.

A part of the 47th Pennsylvania Volunteers was doing duty at this fort. To meet troops here from my own state was an unpleasant surprise to me. I would have preferred even New England Yankees.

Why this fort was named after Thomas Jefferson I do not know, but I am satisfied that if he had known that it was to become a bastile for American citizens as the victims of a furious civil war, he would not have felt much complimented by having it given his name.

The Dry Tortugas Islands, upon one of which this fort is built, are situate in the Gulf of Mexico, about sixty miles west of Key West.

An enormous sum of money has been ex-

pended upon the construction of this fort, which is one of the largest in the United States. More materials, such as brick, mortar, lumber, etc., were wasted than would build hundreds of good homes to protect humanity from the inclemency of the weather. What a commentary this is on the depravity of the race, that all these materials, instead of being applied to such useful purposes, have been used to protect mankind against the deviltry of themselves!

There were one hundred and four prisoners taken with us to Tortugas. As I was the only one who had been a commissioned officer, the curiosity of the soldiers soon centered on me. The question asked all around was, "What was he sent here for?"

In the absence of a copy of the record in my case, which should have been sent with me but was not and never was sent (although twice asked for by the commanding officer of the fort), the tongues of exaggeration, which always work on pivots and overtime, circulated the infamous falsehood that I was sent there for saying that Lincoln ought to be hung. This lie might have caused some bitter partisan to take my life. How I then wished the charges, contemptible and false as they were, were there to nail this falsehood! When the prisoners were ordered to report for work, knowing that, outrageous as my sentence was, to labor was not in it, I went to

G. W. Alexander, the commanding officer, and asked him if he had an official copy of my sentence. He said he had not, but that he had written for it.

I showed him a clipping from the Evening Star, of Washington, which published what was given to it as my sentence, and said to him that by it he would see that I was not sentenced to labor and I asked him to be directed by it until he received the official copy. He at once gruffly indicated that he would pay no attention to it.

Here I was again a victim of the fact that no copy of my sentence was sent with me.

I was deprived of even what little protection it would have afforded me.

Paradoxical as it may seem, I would have been glad to have had then an official copy of the charges and a sentence which I denounced and despised as an infamous outrage. Such is the despicable environment into which civil war can plunge its victims.

I was never furnished a copy of the charges against me nor of the findings and sentence of the court. This was a violation of the very letter of the law applicable to court-martials.

Colonel Alexander, the commandant of the fort, told me that he had written twice to Washington for a copy of my sentence, but had received no reply. He certainly had a right to

have this and if he could not get it to have discharged me.

As it was, his will was the arbiter of my fate. I doubt if there is any act of tyranny in all the history of Russia's dealings along this line with her exiles to Siberia that equals this.

It tells the whole story when I state that my gaolers never had any legal authority to hold me. Suppose that there had been any semblance of law existing and I had taken a writ of habeas corpus on the commanding officer, what could he have shown to justify his act in holding me? I would have been immediately discharged by any court worthy of the name of being a place where justice is judicially administered.

The only reason that I could ever surmise why I was not furnished with a copy of the papers in my case, and especially the sentence, nor that none of them were ever furnished to headquarters at Tortugas, although twice requested by the proper authority, is that all the officials who would have had to certify and sign said papers knew that the whole thing was an outrage and that I might some day bring suit against them for it.

Lieutenant G. W. Hunsberger was put in charge of the prisoners. Fearing that if I attempted to even stand upon my sentence it might be the worse for me, I reported to him for work and would have went to work at any ordi-

nary work in the fort. He put me in charge of the dirt gathering squad. This was considered the meanest employment of all and, although I was to be in charge and would not have had to do much of the real work, I felt that he did this to debase and insult me.

I was indignant and told him that he knew that they had no papers there to hold me a prisoner and that I had a copy of what they ought to take as my sentence until they got the record, and that I would stand upon my sentence and I would not take charge of his dirt squad. He then sent me to the dungeon. This was a low, damp place in one of the casemates of the fort, with little ventilation or light. I stayed there five days. I found that it was making rapid inroads upon my health. I concluded that in order to save my life, I would have to yield to the tyranny of Hunsburger, who of course had the sanction of Colonel Alexander to treat me as he did.

I wrote a note on paper kindly furnished me by one of the guards and he took it to Hunsburger who, with wonderful alacrity, made his appearance and ordered me to be released.

This prompt let up on his part was a surprise to me at the time, but I soon learned what caused it. Some of the officers had their wives with them. They all contributed, had a cook and took their meals together. These women learned

how Hunsburger was imposing upon me, and they became so indignant at him that they refused to sit at the same table with him. That was torturing him about as much as he was me and hence his promptness in releasing me.

Why should I not be an advocate of female suffrage after that? Such women were far more fit to have the liberties of the people committed to their care than were their husbands, who did nothing to prevent Hunsburger's brutality. I believe that the word "men" in the Declaration of Independence includes "women" also. What a commentary it is on our male suffrage aristocracy that a woman could preside for fifty years over the British Empire more acceptably by far than a big majority of her male predecessors had done! And yet an American woman is not allowed to preside over her own franchise.

After I left the dungeon I was put under the care of Dr. I. H. Schutz, the assistant surgeon of the 47th Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was from Pottstown, Pa.

He said to me in a very kind way, "Mac, you are quite sick, but I think that I can cure you;" and then imagine my surprise when he added, "you are too good a Democrat to let them bury you on Bird Key." Here was a cleft in the very dark clouds which had been overshadowing me.

One morning, a couple of weeks later, he said to me, "They will soon be after you to go to

work. I can help you for a while by assigning you to light duty, which will protect you from having to go out in the sun."

I did not appreciate this kindness on the doctor's part the less because I did not really need it, as I will presently show.

After the war was over, I had a very pleasant visit with the doctor at his home in Pottstown, Pa.

The doctor ended his life work several years ago and I feel assured that his kindness to me in the hour of need was never regretted by him.

May his name be remembered in kindness and flowers bloom upon his grave as the years go by.

The day after the doctor spoke so kindly to me about light duty, Hunsburger came to me and said that he noticed by the letter I sent him that I was quite a good penman and I should come up to headquarters.

Here was another cleft in the clouds. Going to headquarters to clerk was not taking command of the dirt squad, the position to which I expected to be again assigned.

The lesson taught him at the dining table had worked wonders, but it did not result in an entire reformation. He made me his clerk, a position which I filled with him for more than a year, but he compelled me to perform menial service about the office when he was in fact

drawing pay for a servant and putting that money in his own pocket.

I had a bad cough. One of my jobs was to scrub our office every Saturday. Doing this made my cough worse. On one occasion I was carrying a bucket of water up the stairs to scrub with. I took a bad spell of coughing and had to set the bucket down. Just then Hunsberger passed me going downstairs and I asked him if I might get someone to do this scrubbing until I got better; that it made my cough worse. He granted the request, but said I must pay for it myself.

One morning Mr. Philips, an engineer, called to see him. He said to him, "You must excuse the appearance of my office, as my servant," referring to me, "was lazy about his work this morning." At the same time I was seated at his desk, preparing papers which were needed immediately and which he could not prepare.

Just think of this man who I taught to write his own name legibly, speaking of me as his servant! I was even compelled, on several occasions, to black the shoes which hid his hideous feet. I think I hear an indignant reader exclaim, "I would not have done it." Let me tell you, if you had chewed the file as much as I had done in trying to escape and in resisting insult, you would have done just as I did.

Let me say to you do all you can to keep the

curse of another civil war from your country, or you may one day be situated just as I was.

Let me here anticipate about eighteen months and tell what might have happened to Hunsberger.

The war is over and I am stopping in Allentown, Pa., his home. He is working in an iron mill at which many sons of Erin are employed.

The superintendent of that mill learns how Hunsberger had tyrannized over me when in his power. He is aroused by the story of Hunsburger's conduct toward me. He tells me about the sons of Erin at the mill and that the "Mac" in my name would be enough to give them the cue and that if I wanted to get even with Hunsburger all I had to do was to come down to the mill and tell the men there how he had treated me when in his power at Tortugas. Retaliation urged me to go and had Hunsburger alone been involved in the consequences of what might have happened, I probably would have went. I said, however, to this superintendent, "Let us talk a little about this matter." I said, "Hunsburger has a good woman as his wife and they have three pretty little daughters." He asked me how I knew that. I said Hunsburger showed me her letters to him and I wrote answers to her for him, and I know by the kind of letters which she wrote to him that she is a good woman, and he showed me the pictures of his little girls, and

when he would be intoxicated he would talk about his wife and children with tears in his eyes.

"Well," he said, "that may all be true; but instead of being an excuse for his treatment of you, it only aggravates it. Your intimacy with him ought to have softened his feelings toward you." I replied that "that is all true; but the question with me is, if Hunsburger is interfered with and these men turned against him, he may be thrown out of a job; and if he is, is it not likely that it will injure those who are entirely innocent, that good woman, his wife, and those little girls?" "Oh!" he exclaimed, "I did not think of that. You take a noble view of this matter. We will let him alone;" and we did.

The last that I heard of Hunsburger was that he was in an intoxicated condition in a saloon and there got in company with a man whose home I passed when a little boy on my way to and from school.

They got to talking about me, and Hunsburger, with the tears trickling down his cheeks, said to him that I had been very badly treated and that he was to blame for some of it.

I suppose that he has passed away; but whether he has or not, if his conscience is still troubling him, as it seems it was then, I would gladly relieve him if I could. Let him be a

warning to all those who have power over their fellow men and abuse it.

I will now return to my narrative. After the sharp edge of prejudice against me was worn off at Tortugas, it was learned by some of those who were friendly toward me that I had taught penmanship. It was suggested that permission be obtained for me to teach a class there. The tables in the soldiers' dining quarters were very suitable for such a purpose. I soon had a class which paid me fifty-five dollars. Here was a little more sunshine.

There was no opportunity for getting an education in the fort. The light-house keeper had a niece who wanted to take lessons in penmanship and employed me to teach her. I was always welcome at their home and they did not allow me to go hungry.

A romantic reader may say, "Why you ought to have tumbled 'heels over head' in love with that scholar and married her." That would have been a nice romance, indeed.

Yes, and then some fatalistic apologist for those who inflicted all this wrong upon me would probably have said to me something like this, "You have no ground for complaint, for it was ordained that in order for you to find your life mate you had to enlist as a first lieutenant, a conspiracy had to steal your commission and you had to be made a victim to deter others from

wagging their tongues about the abolition proclamation, and in pursuance of that you had to be exiled to a coral island in the restless Gulf of Mexico. It is very true that this was a pathway beset with thorns, but you had to travel it to find your true love, and you are not the gallant spouse which you ought to be if you complain. You ought to say that if necessary to secure the prize you would have gladly followed a pathway beset with ten times as many such thorns." All this and much more like it such an apologist could have argued. I was bound not to get into that net and have such stuff as that hurled at me and have all the big guns spiked which I was loading to the muzzle and intending, after I got released, to train upon my persecutors.

But to end this rhapsody, let me say that my scholar learned very fast under my careful instructions and soon could write as good as her teacher could.

Let me conclude this article by making a suggestion, especially to children going to school. It is to seek diligently for education. Don't waste the precious moments as they fly in frivolity and pleasure. Study! Study hard! Make all else yield to having good lessons. You see by my narrative what education alone the line of learning to write did for me. Little did I foresee, when I was a boy and very anxious to learn to

write, that it would come to my rescue at a time like this. No two things could be more remote seemingly than my seeking that learning and teaching penmanship at Tortugas, and yet it came to pass. Let me repeat, my young friend, seek education, for in the hour when you may least expect it, it will "stick closer to you than a brother."

The 47th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

This regiment of volunteers was recruited in and about Allentown, Pottstown, and, I think, Bethlehem.

I visited the first two places immediately after the war and was kindly received by those of them whom I had the pleasure of meeting.

They were sent from Tortugas to Texas, where they were engaged in some hard fighting.

Some of them, when they left their homes, bid their last farewell to dear ones, for they fell in battle or died in hospitals in Texas.

Of course I complained against Alexander for refusing to be guided by a private copy of my sentence, when they did not send a copy of it with me from Washington and refused to send him a copy after a second request for it. He knew that he had in his possession no legal authority to deprive me of my liberty.

One day he sent me word that if I talked any more to the soldiers, as he had been informed I

had, he would send me to Hog Island and have me shot.

Just think of it! without a hearing; without even being informed of what my objectionable talk had been, I am threatened with death! And let it be understood that this was no joke. He was the autocrat of those islands. His word was law, from which there could be no available appeal. If he had ordered this to be done, it would either have been carried out or those whom he would have ordered to do it would have had to refuse to obey orders and get themselves into trouble. I was amazed when I received this notice. I at once set to work to recall what I had talked about with any of the soldiers in the last few days, and at last I remembered that some soldiers were talking about the Union generals. I came along and one of them told me what they were discussing and asked my opinion. I frankly replied by stating what I then thought and about which I have never changed my opinion, and that was that McClellan was the ablest commander on the Union side, and it must have been for saying that that I was threatened with such dire consequences. It may be suggested that Alexander was drunk when he made that threat. All the worse. Drunken people expose the wickedness in their hearts which they can hide whilst sober. That this autocrat of Tortugas had some such thoughts running through his mind,

whether drunk or sober, is certain; and that he would get drunk made it all the more dangerous that he might try to carry out such a diaoblical thought.

But what did time have in store for Alexander and me? About two years had passed with their important events. Among them was the assassination of President Lincoln, thus making Andrew Johnson president. The latter is due at Harrisburg on his swing around the circle, as it was called.

A lot of us, who favored his policies, from Lancaster City, went up to Harrisburg to greet him and we went into a restaurant for lunch. I very soon sized up a man who was sitting in the rear of the room with another man as being G. W. Alexander, once dictator of the Dry Tortugas.

I had been informed but a few days before that he had told Mr. Hiram Young, of York, that I was sent to Tortugas for saying that Lincoln ought to be hung, the same miserable falsehood which was circulated at first, as I have stated, at Tortugas, and he had even added to it, by saying that I was also charged with having said that the Army of the Potomac ought to be turned over to the defense of the South. I told my companions about this and they suggested that I go right up to him and charge him with being a liar. I boldly advanced toward him and accused him

with telling this falsehood to Young. He offered to shake hands with me, but I spurned his offer.

Then he said, "You know that when we left Tortugas we went to Texas, and in a battle there this arm that is hanging at my side was shattered." That helpless arm was too much for me. It put my indignation to flight and made me even regret what I had done. It did for Alexander what Hunsburger's wife and little girls did for him, so far as my seeking personal revenge was concerned. Alexander then admitted that he had no authority for telling Mr. Young what he did but rumor, and that he could not get the record from Washington in my case after making two requests for it. He also said, "I suppose that you folks are up here to meet Andy Johnson, and that is what this gentleman, who is sheriff of Berks county, and I are here for. The man nodded assent to this statement and then things became decidedly lopsided. We all knew what the politics of the sheriff of old Berks county must be. The result was that the brainstorm with which I had opened this performance ended with a regular Andy Johnson love feast. Here was a demonstration of the truth that "politics sometimes makes strange bedfellows."

I do not wish to be understood as having condoned the wrongs which Alexander and Hunsburger did to me when in their power. To do so would be to sanction such conduct. And there

was absolutely no excuse for their conduct toward me, for they could have done their entire duty in relation to my case without subjecting me to unnecessary hardship and ignominy.

Circumstances, however, did not show the leniency toward Alexander which I did. He obtained, no doubt, what he became a Johnstonite for, and that was an appointment in a revenue office. I was reliably informed that he got into very serious trouble with the government about money matters.

It will be noticed that both Alexander's and Hunsburger's christian initials are "G. W." A mere glance at those letters makes the heart of a true American pulsate more rapidly.

The parents may not be responsible for the fact that the conduct of children whom they name after George Washington is such as to do no honor to his memory, themselves or parents.

But to return to the narrative of my experiences at Tortugas. I have already stated that I had a bad cough. One day, as I was passing the door of the cookhouse, the old female colored cook was standing there. I took a severe coughing spell and she said to me in substance. "Young man, if you don't get rid of that cough it will take you to Bird Key." (This was the island where the dead were interred.) I said, "I cannot get rid of it." She then said that if I would get her a lemon that she had the other

things, and she would make me something for it which she thought would cure it. The lemon was soon obtained at the sutler store. When I called for the medicine, this good old colored "mamma," as they called her, gave it to me with very particular directions as to taking it, and expressing the hope that it would cure me. I took it according to directions and soon was better. Was it giving this old colored woman more credit than she deserved to say that she cured me? Now this act of hers aroused in me a feeling of gratitude, for I was, in fact, greatly alarmed about my condition.

This act of hers, so important to me, set me to thinking about her race, about slavery and about my having been opposed to the very proclamation which had freed her, for she had been a slave. This, in fact, resulted in a revision of my attitude on the subject of the rights of the negro race and the proclamation which set them free.

The 110th New York Volunteers.

One morning there was a vessel headed for the fort with troops on it. They were a part of the 110th New York. They immediately disembarked and the 47th Pennsylvania Volunteers went aboard and left. It was done so quickly that there was no time for the departing troops to instruct the newcomers as to how things were

run on the fort. This was another chance for me, for they were very glad to learn from me what to do. I lost no opportunity to make myself useful to them, thinking that I might be casting an anchor to windward, and I was.

Some time after they took charge and when I had posted Captain Nicholas who took Hunsburger's place in charge of the prisoners, the sutler applied to Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton, in command, to let me become his clerk in his store. This request was endorsed by all the officers, and was granted.

I clerked for him until within a few weeks of my discharge, and during this time I had quite an adventure with a thief in his store. This store was constructed out of very indifferent materials and afforded little obstruction to one determined to get into the business part of it. First was this latter part, next a wareroom and then the clerk's room. One night, about 12 o'clock, I heard a noise out in the storeroom.

I had two canes tied together in white paper. I took them in my hand, placed them in the attitude to strike and advanced across the wareroom. The moon was shedding sufficient light in through the windows to permit me to see all over the storeroom and, to my terror, I saw a man standing at the drawer where we kept the tickets which we issued to the soldiers and which we took back as cash in the store for goods.

He was standing with his back to me. I slipped up to him and when within striking distance, I shouted, "surrender." He said, "Don't strike; I surrender." I had him follow me to my room and stay until I struck a light, put on my clothes, he standing right over me whilst I put on my shoes. I took him over to the officer of the day. When they searched him, they found a very formidable sharp knife, evidently prepared to be used at the sutler store on that occasion, if necessary. If I had known before I advanced on him that he had that knife, I am almost certain that the tickets would have had to take care of themselves.

At the instance of the sutler, the commanding officer ordered him to carry a ball and chain. I often saw him dragging that ball after him. I thought that he was only after those tickets that he might with them get something more and better to eat than prisoner's diet, on which he had to live and work. I sympathized with him and went to the commanding officer and asked him to release him from that ball and chain. He said he would do it, but I must not complain if he visited the store again and killed me. I replied that I could assure him that under such circumstances he would hear no complaint from me.

The inquiry may arise in the mind of the

reader, "Were many people incarcerated at Tortugas?"

Being at prisoner's headquarters, I had an opportunity to know about this from the records and there never were over twelve hundred there at the same time and there were not many changes, for they were sent there for long terms.

To show how unreliable is the common mind to estimate the number in an aggregation of people, there was a pilot on the island who remained there and, some twenty years after the war, a correspondent of the New York Independent went there in search of information and made inquiries of this pilot, who told him that at the time of the war there were twenty thousand prisoners on the island.

Now he was an eye witness, and yet how unreliable was what he said, although he said it in perfect good faith. I am disposed to think that much that we call history is of this kind.

Trying to Be Released.

I made my first effort to be discharged by writing to Governor Curtin, June 23, 1863, asking him to intercede for me. He did so, but was promptly refused by Stanton.

On the 14th of July, 1863, I wrote General Martindale, military governor of the District of Washington, who, under the terms of my sentence, had the power to fix the place of confine-

ment, to change it from Tortugas. It was he who had succeeded Wadsworth and had reluctantly approved my sentence, as is clearly shown by the following extract from his letter in answer to mine, which he evidently thought was a request for a final release. "I am directed by the general commanding to state that he would be happy to accede to your request, but it is entirely out of his power to interfere in the matter. Under such circumstances, he can simply advise you to bear your confinement for the present with resignation." He then advises me to forward an application to the secretary of war. This letter is signed by James E. Montgomery, Assistant Adjutant General. It was written only seven months after he had approved my sentence. Nobody in the meantime had advocated my cause with him. This shows that he at heart did not approve my sentence.

I made the next effort to be released by writing to Major R. W. Shank, of Lancaster City, to go to Washington and intercede with the president for me. I have already quoted part of the letter received from him. His efforts, like all others, were doomed to failure.

The last effort I made to be released was to send a petition signed by all the 47th Pennsylvania officers in the fort with Hunsburger, who was coming home on a furlough; he to take it and get the approval of Governor Curtin. Not

hearing anything from it, I wrote to the governor and he promptly replied, saying, "I have forwarded several applications to the president asking his interposition in your behalf, but have met with refusal. If the paper mentioned was presented to me, which I do not remember, it was duly forwarded."

Even Major Sherburn, the "fine gentleman" of whom I have already spoken, became an advocate of my release. He turned up at Tortugas in December, 1864, on his way to New Orleans, and he had an interview with me. He told me that when it came to the test those officers who were so anxious to have me dismissed were afraid to sign my charges, and he signed them officially.

I have not the least doubt that they got him drunk before he would do that to assist these cowards, and that if he had not been addicted to excessive drinking he would not have signed them and the whole infamous business would have fallen through and I saved all the outrageous treatment which I received. After he got to New Orleans he wrote to Dr. Holder, at Tortugas, that he would be glad to see my sentence terminated.

The last I heard of him was that he was shot in a drunken brawl in New Orleans, whether fatally or not, was not stated.

It thus appears that his drinking habit, as is

usual, clung to him, and that I was not the only one who suffered from it. It finally turned upon the one who indulged it, with terrible consequences.

President's Lincoln's Assassination.

Fourteen days after that awful tragedy at Ford's Theater, in Washington, a ship with flag at half mast headed for the channel to Fort Jefferson. Then portentious surmises began to be made and, strange as it may seem, the most of them said "It is for Lincoln."

When the vessel came to the wharf and the fact of the assassination was announced, it made a profound impression upon soldiers, civilians and prisoners. Nearly all expressed sorrow for it and some even shed tears.

This occurrence emphasized the saying that "the ways of Providence are past finding out." And yet, without we cut our anchor chains and throw overboard our rudders and drift away on a shoreless and fathomless ocean of agnosticism, we must think that there is a Providence which shapes the end, sad as they may be to us.

This appalling tragedy was the climax of calamities to this republic. Thousands of its ordinary citizens, North and South, had given their lives on the altar of the conflict. Prominent officers in the armies, such as Reynolds of the North and Jackson of the South, had fought

their last battles and died in the harness, and now the life of its chief magistrate is demanded. Why is this?

There is no effect without a legitimate cause, and when such calamities as these overtake a nation the true patriot looks for and proclaims the cause, if he thinks he has found it.

Whilst the foundation of this republic was the declaration that all men are created free and equal, the superstructure of government erected upon it gave its sanction to the assumption of some people to own other people. It was this fatal defect in the structure which caused it to come crashing down upon its foundation, producing all these appalling calamities. But the foundation still stands. Let the government to be erected thereon proclaim not only that all men are created free and equal, but that they shall live free and equal.

But to return to the incidents at Tortugas connected with the assassination. There was one among them which but confirms the statement that the very sad and the amusing travel together.

There was a son of Erin who had imbibed more intoxicants than he could intelligently carry and in his condition expressed some approbation of the assassination. For this the colonel ordered him to be tied up by the thumbs. That situation soon sobered him somewhat and he

said that if he had been sober he would not have said what he did and that such were not his sentiments. "But," he said, "go and tell the colonel that this is not a military punishment, but a low, mean kind of common, disgraceful torture." That he would "prefer to be shot, as that was an honorable military punishment." This had such an effect upon the colonel that he immediately ordered him to be released. He said to me afterwards, "Mac, that was the worst scrape that that old Satan, whiskey, has got me into yet, and after this he and I'll be two." But it was not long until I saw him in such condition that they evidently were one again.

I said, when I heard of Lincoln's assassination, that "the bullet which struck him down will bring more misery on the Southern people than many thousands of Union bullets have done."

Lincoln, no doubt, would have acted upon the theory that the whole nation was responsible for chattel slavery and that slavery was in fact the cause of the war and that for this very substantial reason he would have favored clemency toward the Southern people. Vice President Johnson claimed that he knew that such was Lincoln's intention and that he was following in the footsteps which Lincoln would have taken if he had lived.

But unfortunately, what would have been received by the radical elements in the North with

deference had it come from Lincoln, was received in the opposite spirit in coming from Johnson.

If Lincoln had lived, it is not likely that the pages of American history would have been blurred by the deeds of the carpetbaggers on the one side and the Klu Klux Klan on the other.

Dr. Mudd.

Dr. Mudd and his fellow prisoners, who were sentenced in connection with the assassination of President Lincoln, arrived at Tortugas a few days before I left.

I thought the doctor to be guiltless. That he was himself the victim of such unfortunate circumstances as will often coil themselves around the innocent. Then he was tried at a time and for a crime which unbalanced the scales of justice.

As they brought him ashore, I was standing at the wharf, and I thought to myself, "Poor man! whilst the bright dawn of liberty is just beginning to fall upon me, the night of hopeless doom is settling upon you."

But it was not to continue so very long. I have understood that out of great tribulation on the part of the people at Tortugas, Mudd was released probaly much sooner than he otherwise would have been. Cholera, in a violent form, was rapidly increasing the death roll. Dr.

Mudd's remarks that he feared that the doctors in attendance did not fully understand the disease, came to the hearing of the commanding officer. The latter sent for him and told him that he had heard that he said this. The doctor replied that he had, but not to criticise the doctors. The officer asked him if he would consent to assist them. He replied, on one condition, and that is that everything in the medical and sanitary line is to be as he said. This was promptly agreed to and in a short time after the doctor took charge the awful scourge abated. This work of the doctor's was reported to President Johnson and the doctor was pardoned, to the great satisfaction of all on the island.

The very treacherous nature of this disease was demonstrated in a death which occurred at Key West, in 1864. It was epidemic there. Doctor Mitchell, a very vigorous young surgeon of the 110th New York, who was on duty at Tortugas, by his own request was transferred to Key West. He left, proclaiming that he would be heard from in the battle with the monster that was ravaging Key West. The boat which he went on arrived there in the evening. That night he met the enemy in mortal combat and when that boat left there the next evening for Tortugas, it brought the sad news of his death.

Dreams.

There is a disposition to belittle dreams, but

after all, they have an influence upon us. They are like almost everything else. We like the good ones and dislike bad ones. Considerable importance is attached to the dreams of people spoken of in the Bible. But it is not my task now to discuss dreams, but to tell the character of the dreams I had whilst I was a prisoner and since, relating to my imprisonment.

I often dreamed in the Old Capitol and at Tortugas that I was free, but not one of the parties who had any connection with my case or as my gaolers was ever in my dreams.

I have dreamed since my release that I was still a prisoner, but never at the Old Capitol, always at Tortugas. The Tortugas of my dreams was never like the real place, nor was anybody there who was there when I was.

Tortugas Islands are very low, none of them more than a few feet above the water at high tide, and no verdure on them of any account. The islands of my dreams had mountains on them covered with trees and between the mountains were valleys covered with flowers of exquisite beauty and fragrance. Beautiful birds flitted about on the islands of my dreams, while nothing but sea-gulls and pelicans visited the real islands, the latter turning very unseemly somersaults in catching fish. I surely will be happy if, beyond this vale of tears, I reach a home like the Tortugas of my dreams.

One of the very peculiar facts about my dreams since my release is that U. S. Grant is always the president and to him I am appealing for a release.

And he characteristically is silent on the subject and I get no release. The fact is that Grant never had official or any other connection with my case. And I am sure that if he had known how badly I was treated, he would have been pleased that he did not have.

As Grant only refused to release me in my dreams and uniformly held me on such beautiful islands, I would not think of trying to pluck one laurel from his brow.

The magnanimity with which he received the surrender of Robert E. Lee, the great commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, is one of his laurels which will never turn pale as long as history perpetuates noble deeds.

Grant enshrined in euphonious phrase the crying necessity of mankind, when he said, "Let us have peace," and Sherman expressed the same idea in opposite phrase, when he said that, "War is hell." Would that the lesson taught by these phrases might be written across the heavens in letters brighter than the sun, that all mankind might learn it.

Liberated.

Thinking that I might want to make use, in some legal proceeding, of the fact that no offi-

cial papers were sent to Tortugas concerning my imprisonment, I, in the most respectful manner, requested Colonel Hamilton to furnish me with a paper certifying to said fact. He, like the other officials, would give nothing over his own signature. I then became persistent about the matter and he got a swelled head and, at the very time when he was expecting the official order for my release, ordered that I take charge of the water sprinkling squad. This was so contemptible that the officer who was to see to it that I obeyed this order, said that he hoped I would not blame him; that he thought it was very mean in the colonel to order this. I took charge of the squad and thoroughly sprinkled in front of the colonel's quarters. This time the officers in the fort took sides with me so firmly and unanimously that he directed the officer of the day to notify me to cease sprinkling until further orders. I am still waiting for the further order.

It will be remembered that I began my stay at Tortugas with being put in charge of the dirt gathering squad and this shows that I about ended it with the sprinkling squad. In the one case the wives of the officers made it very uncomfortable for the officer who showed his meanness by doing it, and in the other case the officers did the same. But this did not end Hamilton's mean conduct toward me. I learned that

there had been an order sent from New Orleans directing that prisoners "for during the war" should be immediately released. Major Devendorf was temporarily in command and was a gentleman. He ordered that I be furnished transportation to Key West, but before I could get away, Hamilton returned from Key West and countermanded the order. Altogether, Hamilton held me for five weeks after the president had ordered my release.

At last Hamilton had to yield. A sailing vessel called the Adelia Kelley was about to sail for New York. I engaged a passage on it and, on the 25th of July, 1865, at 4 o'clock P. M., we weighed anchor.

The sweetest music never had been so pleasing to my ears as was the click of the windlass and the rattling of the anchor chain. Often I had heard vessels weigh anchor in that harbor to depart, but for me to have even asked for a passage on them would have sent me to the dungeon.

But now I am a freeman on board this little schooner and every sound about her proclaims my liberty. She soon began to leap, as it were, from billow to billow, bearing me away from the scene of servitude.

We started out with a fine breeze. I could hear the water splashing ahead of the vessel. After a while I looked toward that fort upon

which I had long before looked as my goal, but its frowning battlements had dwindled to a mere speck on the horizon and soon it was out of sight.

Our sail was without any important incident. It was in mid-summer and one night we were between two heavy thunder storms. The lightning was very vivid and the roar of the thunder terrific.

We were in sight of water-spouts on several occasions. They were in the distance and the farther away the better it suited me.

One morning we were becalmed and by evening we were six miles farther from our destination than in the morning. In one consecutive twenty-four hours the captain said we sailed three hundred miles. Such are the variations in traveling by sail.

It was a pleasant sight to me to see the porpoises, as they gamboled in the water and seemed to enjoy liberty. It was very suggestive of what I had just acquired.

We arrived in New York on August 12, 1865, and I bid good-bye to the captain, whose sailor stories and baked beans I had enjoyed very much. He expressed delight in having had the opportunity of bearing me homeward on my voyage of liberty and expressed the wish that I might live many years to enjoy it. His wish has

met with the answer of forty-two years, thanks to a kind Providence.

I arrived at home in a few days, where I was very kindly received by my friends and even those who did not agree with me politically.

Let me say a word in closing this topic about the Adelia Kelley, the little vessel which carried me away from Tortugas and over the briny waters in safety to New York. I suppose that she has long since ceased to plow the mighty deep. She may be now sleeping in the bottom of the sea or her timbers may be strewn upon some bleak and barren shore, but her name shall be an inspiration to me as long as my memory shall last. I paid her a little compliment by making her first name a part of the christian name of my only daughter.

Deprived of U. S. Offices.

There still remained of that cruel sentence that part of it which assumed the power to deprive me from ever holding any office under the government of the United States. Whether such a sentence could have excluded me had I been elected to an office, I will not discuss.

I made up my mind, whether wisely or not I cannot say, that I would never ask a president of the party which was in power when that sentence was imposed upon and enforced against me, to revoke this part of it.

But to get any other than such I well foresaw was, to say the least, very unpromising. It was said that the Republican party had a mortgage on the presidency for a quarter of a century from the close of the war, and I had little hope that it would be foreclosed much short of that. Grant was elected in 1868 and re-elected in 1872.

In 1876 Samuel J. Tilden was elected president, and I then congratulated myself that now I would get that part of the sentence wiped out; but to my utter disgust, a commission was gotten up to make a president and, as it was eight to seven and the eight on the wrong side for me, I saw my expectations blasted.

But I soon rallied again, for I thought that the monstrous performance of 1876 would react against the party which profited by it and that it would go down to defeat in 1880.

The campaign of 1880 opened very auspiciously for the Democrats.

Hancock, seemingly, was a superb candidate. Garfield, his opponent, having taken a prominent part in depriving Tilden of his office, emphasized our cry of fraud. I congratulated myself on our prospects of electing Hancock, but my chagrin can easily be imagined when he was defeated. Here I was, eighteen years after that sentence was imposed on me, and my best opportunity to get a president to nullify it gone a-glimmering.

The campaign of 1884 came on and the Democratic party, which seemed to be in that strange state of animation that it could neither live or die, was gathering itself together for another campaign, but with nothing like the signs of success which existed in 1880.

Because of Grover Cleveland's splendid record as a reformer in offices in his own state, I favored his candidacy. I made the first speech for him that was made in York, at a meeting of the Jefferson Club. My chance to get that sentence revoked took a very close shave in the election, but the Republicans, acting much better than they did in 1876, Cleveland got the office.

With the aid of my friend, Hon. C. F. Black, I appealed to President Cleveland and he promptly revoked that part of this monstrous sentence. I have the certificate all in his own handwriting. Thus he opened the way to me for an office, but this has been as slow in materializing as clearing the way for it was.

To have a claim is a thing on which politicians bank a great deal, and I think that I have a claim to a term in congress in the New Capitol. I served a term under the very unpleasant environments of the Old Capitol, and why should I not have a term under the very fascinating surroundings of the new one? I tried my best, on several occasions, to resign, but the only kind of resigning that could be found for me was to be

resigned to continue my term. I would have rejoiced at being expelled. My narrative shows that on several occasions I tried self-expulsion.

The nearest that I have yet got to a second term is that I was taken for a congressman once. A few years ago I was at the door of the house of representatives, when a woman came to me and asked me to support a certain bill in which she was interested. I informed her that I was not a congressman. She replied that I looked like one. I have wondered since whether either I or the congressman were complimented by what she said.

On the occasion of this visit, I received such kind attentions from Hon. D. F. Lafean, the courteous member from York, that I felt, I have no doubt, a little like a congressman at least.

But to return to the subject of ex-President Cleveland, let me say that he shall be always very kindly remembered by me for his prompt action in my case. There is also another incident calculated to annually remind me of him, and that is that our birthdays is the 18th of March. His year is 1837, mine 1838. Just my bad luck. I came a year too late.

Before the Chicago strike, if anyone had said to me that the time would come when Grover Cleveland and I would part on questions of public policy, I would have told them to get away

with such nonsense, and yet, much as I regret it, that is just what happened.

I was at that time and am yet, a friend of organized labor. I did not think that the president should send the troops to Chicago, not only without the request of the governor, but against his protest. I parted political company with Cleveland and I think that he parted company with the Cleveland who was elected.

Again, and for similar reasons, I disapproved his conduct in the campaign of 1896. At that time I was more interested in unionism than party democracy, for the reason that some Democratic officials had, as I claimed, acted unfairly toward unionism.

But when I found that my old party put in the Democratic platform of 1896 all that I thought unionism could at that time reasonably ask of a political party, I was very glad and went into the campaign enthusiastically. It certainly is no wonder then that when President Cleveland actively opposed the ticket, that he and I had come to the absolute parting of the ways politically, and the road which I took led right into W. J. Bryan's camp of Democracy.

It was often said that the Democratic platform of 1896 was a new Declaration of Independence. This was not so accurate is it would have been to have said that it was a new application of the real principles of the old declara-

tion, and it would have been still better to have said that it was a new proclamation of freedom, liberating all men from the serfdom of the dollar.

This is the great civil conflict which was begun in 1896 and is still going on, and up to this time the career of William Jennings Bryan in it is similar to that of George B. McClellan in the military conflict which began in 1861. McClellan was the first to, not only grasp the stupendous task which the government had on its hands, but also to map out the proper strategic plans to cope with that task. And so it is with Bryan in this civil conflict. He, in 1896, formulated and urged with matchless foresight, certain policies which have since compelled their own adoption. His quantative theory of money which, as the gold production of the world then stood, could only be carried out by remonetizing silver, is conceded to be correct in the United States, by the very fact that the per capita circulation is now nearly one-half more than it was in 1896.

It must be conceded by every one whose concession is worth having, that the president has taken up some of the doctrines preached by Bryan, and the more he has done so the more popular has he become. It is not the first time where the invention is the fruit of one person but another gathers the fruit thereof. I say this in no spirit of criticism of the president. He

certainly deserves credit for the moral courage to step from his own platform to Bryan's, when it is for the good of his country to do so.

Bryan can preach, but he is not in position to practice. The president is in positon to practice and he honors Bryan when he practices what Bryan preaches.

Mr. Bryan reiterated his proclamation of freedom in the campaign of 1900, and went down again to what may be paradoxically called a triumphant defeat.

In 1904 he rendered the same eloquent service to his party under the banner of another, which he had done for it under his own banner.

The fact is, that ever since 1896 he has been going up and down the land preaching and teaching the true faith that the man is above the dollar, with such great abilty that he is more widely known and more beloved by common humanity than any other advocate of their cause. He is constantly out on the firing line and boldly stands for what is right, without regard to its effect upon his own personal prospects for the highest office in the gift of the people. He symbolizes the idea that it is better to obey your conscience than your desire for office.

And let whoever may for the time being get the honors for what is being done for common humanity, when history "definitely accords the

credit" Bryan's name will stand at the top of the roll of honor.

Why should I not now congratulate myself that I did not, early in the campaign of 1896, yield to the siren voice of the invitation I received in a letter from M. A. Hanna, chairman of the Republican National committee, to communicate with or go to see Charles C. Harrison, provost of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, and allow him to cause me, by such inducements as he might have offered, to desert the cause of the man, as against the dollar and its great champion, William Jennings Bryan, in that great contest.

A Lawyer.

When I was at Tortugas I got Blackstone's Commentaries and Chitty on Contracts and read them as opportunity offered.

Personal liberty is one of the subjects discussed by Blackstone. This was a misfit for my situation, sure. My personal liberty had taken its departure from me on Capitol Hill, Washington, D. C., October 13, 1862, and I had seen little of it since.

How nice personal liberty appears in lawbooks, constitutions, bills of rights, and how euphonious it sounds in Fourth of July orations, but what a farce it was to one who could not even have, in the hands of his gaolers, what he

regarded as an infamous sentence, to protect him from even greater outrage than it imposed upon him!

Such was my situation, and I ought to have relegated the reading of that part of Blackstone to a more consistent season.

I became an attorney-at-law at York, Pennsylvania, on March 18, A. D. 1868, since which time I have had some ups and downs in the profession, and the downs have had the right of way most of the time.

There are two ever present difficulties in law practice. The first and greatest is to make your opponent believe that you are right. The other is to get the court to think so.

Identification of persons often becames an important part of the evidence in a case, and yet I had a personal experience along that line which has shaken my confidence in the attempt to identify a person with which the witness has had no previous acquaintance. Before I went into the army, I visited my brother, in Company D, of the First Pennsylvania Reserves, when that regiment was encamped near Catlett station, in Virginia. I was there for several days and was around a good bit among the soldiers. When I wished to return home I got into a car containing a number of convalescent soldiers. Soon after I entered the car, two of them looked at me, talked intently and then spoke to the surgeon in

charge of the train. The latter came to me and said that from information which he had I should consider myself in his charge. I thought that I was old enough to get along myself, but he was so insistent that I had to accept his services and go with him to the provost marshall's office, at Alexandria, where those two convalescents appeared and testified that I was the rebel officer who was in command of the squad of cavalry which had committed the raid of a few days before on the hospital which they were in, out beyond Catlett Station. They identified me by my features and no doubt believed what they testified to, and yet they were mistaken.

I have no faith in identification generally, if not founded upon previous acquaintance or some special mark on the person of the one identified.

I have spoken of my downs in the profession. I will tell about one of them. I represented a party in the Supreme court. Just as I began an argument on which I had expended great preparation, the chief justice abruptly left the bench. It is up-hill sledding to argue a case before an absent judge. This I did, so far as he was concerned, and had he let any of those who did remain take the initiative against me, I would not have felt so badly toward him.

About the time I closed my argument he returned and, without even reading a syllable of the printed argument, decided the case against

me. He turned to the judges on the right of him and to the judges on the left of him and sent such a learned charge along the whole judicial line as must have been of great voltage, for when I sat down he said to my opponent that they did not wish to hear him. This, to the lay mind, would seem very rude treatment of my opponent, but it is not so among lawyers in the Supreme court. It is the most satisfactory an attorney can hear. It is usually received with manifestations of delight. Once, however, it is said that the court so saluted the attorney, but said it would hear him if he wished to speak. His desire to do so got the better of his discretion. He spoke and lost his case. How imminent was the danger of a miscarriage of justice in that case.

It would have been bad enough in my case to have so abruptly ended it, even after a patient hearing, for fear that justice might get the worst of it; but to thus end it, without hearing one word of the oral argument or reading a word of the printed, was judicial brutality, pure and simple.

It was very easy, so far as I was concerned, to resign myself to the loss on the Supreme bench of that judge when he resigned. In fact, I would have been easily resigned to the loss if he had never sat on the court at all. I will assure the lawyers of Pennsylvania that if I ever sit in the

Supreme court, I will consent to no whirlwind, half-heard decisions, for two very good reasons: First, for fear that there may be a miscarriage of justice, and second, because of bench courtesy.

There is a tribunal, its name is compromise, which quite often ends cases to which it would be wise for litigants, even before they become such at law, to resort. Its decisions have the merit of at least partially satisfying both parties, although they may not entirely please either. This tribunal has written over its door the best invitation ever given to those who are disposed to be litigous. It is, "Come, let us reason together." The universal acceptance of this invitation would about put courts and lawyers out of business.

The common schools and other means of education will no doubt in a few generations bring the people up to that standard that they will settle their own disputes, and that principally by acting so wisely as not to have them.

There was a picture in Baer's Lancaster almanac, some years ago, which was a powerful object lesson along this line. It represented a cow with one party at her head and the other at her tail and an attorney on each side milking her. I thought, however, that there was one thing wanting in that picture, and that was the squire sitting on the cow and bossing the job.

I once heard a judge tell young lawyers to

mix a little other business with the practice of the law. When people get wise, they will have to reverse that and mix a little law with other business.

Colleges for the preparation of candidates for the professions tell them that there is room in the same, and especially at the top.

Even the top is very much crowded, and the aspirants must fight as hard to stay there as to to get there.

Young people should not allow the title of doctor, professor, esquire or reverend even, to mesmerize them. There is nothing much in these titles. These professions have for their inspiration and cause, the quarrels, ignorance, disease and sins of the people.

But to change the line of thought, we would say that the even tenor of the way of the lawyer with his books, briefs, arguments, etc., etc., is sometimes relieved by amusing incidents in connection with his work.

A client of mine once, fearing that he would be sued for some swine which had come into his possession, came to consult me. This is the history of the case which he gave me:

He had been victimized in having a dumb horse to become his. He started to make a trip of some ten miles with the horse hitched to a spring wagon. Everything went quite rapidly for the first few miles. But all of a sudden the

horse stopped and to stay stopped, so far as making the rest of that journey was concerned. The whip was applied without creating any more activity or locomotion than if the horse had been dead. He then tried patting him on the neck and using endearing expressions to him, but he did not appreciate this kindness. The place where the horse took his final stand in the road, was near farm buildings and the farmer came and inquired what was the matter with the horse. He told him that the horse seemed to like that part of the country so well that he was going to stay right there. As the sun was rapidly approaching the western horizon and he still had some six miles to go, he asked the farmer if he could get one of his horses to make the journey and if he would let him put his horse into the adjoining meadow until he came back the next day. The farmer kindly consented. He then unhitched his horse, but out of the shafts he would not go. He then disconnected the horse from the wagon by pulling the wagon away from him. The bars which opened into the meadow were near. The horse, in a fleeting lucid interval, was led to them, but just then he took another spell and the bars being let down at one end, over them he would not go. My client, by dint of muscular activity, got the horse sidewise to the bars and then got on the other side of him and, with one sudden, herculean effort, threw

him sidewise over the bars on his back, and there he laid, with his feet pointing toward the skies. It is useless, perhaps, to here state that by this time the farmer was prostrated on the grass at the other side of the road, in convulsions of laughter.

My client proceeded on his trip with the borrowed horse and when he returned the next day, he found his horse leisurely pasturing in the meadow, as if nothing had happened, and he was informed that soon after he left, he had gotten up and took a scamper around the meadow, like a colt. Not trusting, however, to bring his wagon back home, he obtained the use of the one he had in the wagon, and started toward town with his horse leading behind. He had not come far when, passing by a farmer who was working in his field near the road, the farmer asked him if that horse he was leading is for sale. "Oh! yes; if I get my price." "What is your price?" The price was given, terms cash on delivery. The farmer said that he did not have the cash, but he had some hogs to sell and just as soon as he sold them he could pay for the horse. My client then suggested that they might make a trade. As the farmer needed a horse very badly just at that time to hitch with others in his grain reaper, and as my client, for obvious reasons, was just as anxious to dispose of the horse, the trade went right through. The horse was turned over to

the farmer; the hogs were loaded into the spring wagon, brought home and immediately sold.

The farmer hitched the horse with others to the reaper, mounted the saddle horse and gave the word "gid-ep," and away they went, his new horse pulling the reaper nearly all himself. Being afraid that this horse might do too much and injure himself and being greatly pleased with him, he stopped and tied him back to his mate, so that he could not work so hard. He then remounted his saddle horse and gave the word "gid-ep," but it was no "gid-ep" that time. The new horse had made up his mind that the "gid-ep" business was played out, so far as he was concerned. The whip was applied, but it might just as well have been applied to the reaper as the horse. The farmer unhitched him, hitched one of his other horses to him and pulled him out of the way, and proceeded with his reaping with the others, but that evening he was in town with war paint on, hunting for his hogs and the man he traded with. It is useless to say that he found neither. He went home, threatening legal vengeance on the horse jockey. Wiser counsels prevailed and no suit was brought against my client.

A true incident, which took place in another court, if recalled by a brother lawyer who is taking to heart too much the loss of a case or a client, may help him to disperse the gloom.

A man was drawn on the panel for the jury of a certain court and was finally chosen in a case in which, as was anticipated by those who knew him, he performed some stunts not indicated by the pleadings and certainly unexpected by the court or lawyers.

The case involved a breach of promise of marriage, brought by the female party to the alleged contract.

The plaintiff was testifying and, as is not unusual in such cases, was manifesting considerable feeling.

It was soon observed that her story was disturbing the equanimity of this juror. Finally she broke down and wept. This was more than he could stand. Instantly jumping to his feet and shaking his fist at the judge, he howled, "Mr. Judge! Mr. Judge! Hang the bugger! Hang the bugger!" To say that anything less than a cyclone of laughter and confusion swept through that court room would fail to describe it.

When some semblance of order had returned, the court asked the clerk for the name of the juror and then told him to stand up, he having after his fusilade taken his seat. The court told him that it had no further use for him at this or any subsequent term of court.

When he left the court house, he met one of his acquaintances who had heard that he was on

a jury and was hastening to the court room, expecting some fun. He said to the juror, "Is that case over that you were a juror in?" "No, it ain't," he said; "but I got ahead of the judge, that's all."

It was said that a very prominent attorney who was in the bar at the time, went to his office and laughed for two hours.

EULOGIUMS.

Major General George B. McClellan.

To openly advocate, on subjects of great national interest, what is believed to be for the best, without regard to the consequences to the advocate, exhibit both patriotism and heroism. George B. McClellan did this with regard to the great Civil War.

As a military strategist, he believed and frankly contended that by way of the Peninsula and James river was the strategic route to Richmond. His wonderful foresight in this respect was triumphantly demonstrated when Grant, after the slaughter in the Wilderness, swung around to this position, and that too in the very face of his declaration that he would fight it out on the other line if it took all summer. Had McClellan yielded his honest convictions on this subject, it would have saved him from much personal criticism and also much friction with the president. But had he done so, he would have been responsible for the waste of human life in the disasters at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Manassas and the Wilderness, unless his great skill could have avoided them, even on that route, had he remained in command.

Early in the war, when the president was about to call for 75,000 men, McClellan urged him to make it 300,000, although to advise that

then was unpopular, as it was said to be exaggerating the strength of the rebellion. But how clearly the sequel showed his superior judgment in this matter!

When he was at Savage Station, in the Peninsular campaign, and was thoroughly aroused by his honest belief that he and his army were not being supported, he included, in his report to the secretary of war, the following brave, but to him personally very dangerous, language:

"I feel too earnestly tonight. I have seen too many dead and wounded comrades to feel otherwise than that the government has not sustained this army. If you do not do so now, the game is lost. If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army."

The above is an extract from McClellan's report to E. M. Stanton, secretary of war, dated Savage Station, June 28, 1862.

Saying what McClellan did in that report, no doubt lost him his position as commander of the Army of the Potomac, the idol of his heart, and of which he was the idol. That he was not peremptorily dismissed is explained by the belief, which existed at the time, that he was the only officer who could successfully defend Washington after the second disaster at Manassas and also reorganize the army and resist the invasion

of the North. Just as soon as this was secured and when he was about to fight a battle, the stroke fell upon him and his career as a soldier was ended, so far as he in person was concerned; but not so in spirit, for long after this and after his beloved army had met with repeated disasters, it repulsed the Confederates at Gettysburg, under the confidence and enthusiasm inspired by the belief that he was again in command.

Here is what some of the soldiers who were in that battle and ought to know have put on record, in public addresses made on that field at the dedication of monuments, when the solemnity of the occasions inspired them to tell the truth.

Captain W. J. Patterson, of the 62d Pennsylvania, at the dedication of a monument at Gettysburg, said:

"Word was passed along the line that General McClellan was again in command and awaited the arrival of his old battalions at Gettysburg. This announcement caused unbounded enthusiasm and to that extent contributed the victory that followed." (See 2d volume, page 355 of Pennsylvania at Gettysburg.)

Major H. K. Sloan, of the 11th Pennsylvania Reserves, in an address at the dedication of a monument on this same field, said that when they were approaching the field of battle "Cheering was heard on the road upon which we were

marching, in advance of us on other roads running parallel to our road, and the boys wondered what those fools were yelling for. The cheering came nearer and nearer, increasing in volume and finally some one at the side of the road called out, 'Boys, General McClellan is in command,' and then, for the time being, empty stomachs, sleep and fatigue were all forgotten, and we joined madly in the cheers." (See 2d volume, page 260, of Pennsylvania at Gettysburg.)

"When our troops, after long and forced marches, had arrived within attacking distance of the rebel army and every arrangement had been perfected for an early conflict, with the speed of an electric current passed from regiment to regiment the report that Little Mac had been sent for in that hour of the country's peril to lead the army against the invaders. The men confidently believed that their favorite leader was really near at hand and, incited by the belief, fought with redoubled determination and valor and achieved a brilliant victory." (Life, etc., of General McClellan, page 184.)

Dr. M. J. McKinnon, of York, who had been surgeon of the 53d Pennsylvania Volunteers, but was not in the service at the time of the battle of Gettysburg, says that right after the battle he met, on his way to the battle-field, some wounded soldiers. He says that he said to one of them, "The battle is over and you won a great

victory," to which the soldier replied, "Yes, and we won it under Little Mac." To which the doctor replied, "You are mistaken about that." He said, "I am not; it was read to us by an officer just as we were going into battle."

Is it not most reasonable to suppose that in that seemingly equal contest, where victory perched now upon the banner of one side and then upon the other, that this undisputed additional confidence and great enthusiasm, produced by the belief that Little Mac was again in command, finally turned the tide of victory to the Union army? Who will attempt to deny the dire consequences to the Union cause if the tide of victory had finally turned to the other army in that crucial struggle? The glory which attaches to the name of Little Mac in connection with this battle is of a peculiarly sublime character and it is as unique as it is glorious. An absent commander imparting victorious enthusiasm to an army!

The following clipping from a newspaper in December, 1862, shows how popular McClellan was, even after his final removal from the army:

"Glorious News!

"Change in the Army. McClellan to Command. Is Summoned to Washington.

"(Special despatch to the Clipper.)

"WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—Midnight—General McClellan has been ordered to repair imme-

diately to this city for the purpose of assuming command of the Army of the Potomac. It is understood here that he left New York in a special train after receiving the order."

McClellan was bitterly criticised for not, as it was said, following up the Confederate army after the battle of Antietam. Many of those who were so ready to thus criticise him were terribly scared at the threatened invasion of the North after the second disaster at Manassas and were secretly only too glad that McClellan was put in command to meet that invasion. What better proof than this could be produced that these very critics themselves believed that McClellan was the ablest commander of the Union army? And yet, as soon as the invasion was defeated, their tongues resumed their wagging against McClellan.

The Confederate army was simply repulsed at Antietam. It was intact after the battle and no doubt had its well chosen positions to successfully repulse the pursuit of an army already greatly exhausted by the battle. Pursuit, no doubt, would have resulted in a disastrous repulse to the pursuers.

But why criticise McClellan for not pursuing at Antietam, but fail to criticise anybody for not pursuing under equal, if not more favorable, conditions, after the repulse at Gettysburg? The fact is, that criticism is preposterous along this

line, both at Antietam and Gettysburg, for they were simply repulses of a former victorious invading army and which had greatly exhausted in battle the intercepting army.

The folly of this criticism of failure to follow at Antietam or Gettysburg is clearly shown by Grant's failure to follow up his victories in the Wilderness and take Richmond by that route.

It surely will not be denied that the Confederate army which Grant was following then must, in the very nature of things, have been only the shattered and rapidly depleting ranks of the once great Army of Northern Virginia, which was repulsed at Antietam and Gettysburg, and yet it successfully resisted the onslaught of seemingly overwhelming numbers and compelled Grant to take another route.

When I was in Washington a few years ago, I obtained a guide book and looked to ascertain what was to be seen in the city in memory of McClellan, but found nothing.

Nothing in that city! Nothing in that capitol of the nation which his great abilities as a commander and his influence upon his soldiers had twice successfully defended from almost inevitable capture; and yet nothing there to indicate that he ever lived! And this, too, in a city in which the emblems of hero worship meet the eye at almost every turn!

A statue has lately been erected in Washing-

ton to the memory of George B. McClellan, by the survivors of the Army of the Potomac, but this does not meet the claims which his name has upon the people of that city and of that nation whose cause and whose capitol he saved.

The president, in his late address at Indianapolis, in eulogizing the late Governor Morton, of Indiana, said, "When history definitely awards the credit for what was done in the Civil War." This shows that, in his opinion, that crediting is yet to be definitely awarded. How appropriate this language would have been had he insisted, in his address at the unveiling of the McClellan statue, that there was a great deal of definite credit yet due and unrecognized in McClellan's favor!

But he did not do so. He lost the great opportunity in his McClellan address to become conspicuous in announcing the status which history will finally "definitely" award to McClellan.

It will place him at the head of all the commanders of the Union armies and the savior of the Union cause from terrible and probably fatal disaster. The longer McClellan's name is kept from occupying its proper place in history, the more brightly will it shine when it gets there.

Hon. Andrew G. Curtin.

Andrew G. Curtin was, in the civil service, the counterpart in popularity of George B. McClel-

lan in the military service. Not only with the Pennsylvania soldiers, but with the people of the state and even in other states. He was a man of noble impulses and easily aroused sympathies. He at once attached the soldiers to him by carefully looking after their interests. I was with the Army of the Potomac once when he visited the Pennsylvania soldiers. They received him with great demonstrations of welcome.

Curtin was an orator and had great mental ability. He was well equipped for any executive positon, even that of president of the United States. If he had lived in a pivotal state, no doubt he would have been nominated by the Republican party and elected president. The fact that Pennsylvania was a strongly Republican state militated against him as a Republican getting the nomination. This is one of those paradoxical situations in politics in which strength is weakness. This is a condition which has neither right nor common sense to sustain it. Capacity and integrity ought to be the test. State, locality nor party strength should not be considered.

When he lost his position as a leader in the Republican party and could not longer follow in its trend, he boldly aligned himself with the Democratic party. The fact is that his inclinations were all Democratic.

But it is not my purpose to say anything that would tend to stir in the mind of anyone any par-

tisan feeling which would tend to counteract that great respect which is due to the name of Andrew G. Curtin as a statesman and patriot.

He occupies a very prominent position in the history of Pennsylvania, and to do this in a state whose escutcheon bears so many great names is honor enough for any man.

Hon. M. S. Quay.

M. S. Quay was military secretary to Governor Curtin and wrote and signed the governor's first letter to me as such. He was of course only in a clerical way connected with my case. What he thought about it, if he gave the subject any more than clerical attention, I do not know.

Whilst I cannot agree with ex-Governor Pennypacker that M. S. Quay was equal to Daniel Webster along the lines in which Webster was great, yet I can unhesitatingly assert that along some very important lines of human capacity Quay was superior to Daniel Webster. I shall only mention one. That was his great power to lead men in the direction he wanted to. This, of course, was a power which could lead to either very good or very bad results. When conscientiously exercised, its results may have been of just as great value to humanity as any results which came from Daniel Webster's use of his greatest powers.

This power, added to others which Mr. Quay

possessed, made him a great organizer of men and forces. His services to the governor along the military line, it is said, were almost indispensable at a certain time.

Where is M. S. Quay to finally settle down in history? That he is not settled is shown by the chaotic conditions of opinion regarding him. A legislature makes an appropriation for a statue for him, but the statue as yet has not been erected. Will it ever be?

I will call attention to something which leads in favor of an affirmative answer.

Matthew Stanley Quay came to the front at a time when a great civil war had undermined the moral foundations of society. This led to making success instead of right the standard. This was so especially along political lines. Not only as between the two political parties, but even more so in gaining success in a party.

Quay became a conspicuous victim of these bad conditions, but he was not the producer of them. The war did that. There are many public men still living and many dead who, if they were livng, would not now do the political acts which they did during and long after the war. M. S. Quay, I verily believe, had reached this condition in the last few years of his life. Now is it right to weigh him leaving these facts out of the equation? I submit that it is not, and especially is it not when many who professed moral

rectitude of purpose secretly encouraged Quay in what he did and in fact were beneficiaries thereof. There are many who ought to remember that they should cast the beam out of their own eye before they now hold M. S. Quay up to the standard that he should have had no beam in his eye. Considering all the environments of M. S. Quay, I believe that the time ought to and will come that history will condone the wrong he may have done and give him credit for the great qualities he possessed.

Hon. C. F. Black.

I have elsewhere mentioned Mr. Black's name and I would, if I could, figuratively speaking, plant an evergreen on his grave. His impulses were as steadily in the direction of the liberties of the people as the electric needle is to the pole. He was a devotee at the shrine of Jeffersonianism. He talked about Jeffersonian principles by day and no doutb dreamed about them at night.

But political party never was above country with him. When death came and his pen fell from his hand, the republic lost an able defender.

He was a ready writer and fluent speaker and was always ready to use these talents for what he believed to be right. If he at any time did not respond to the demand of a good cause, it was for want of bodily strength to do so. His name

belongs to the roll of those who have stood for the cause of common humanity.

It afforded me great pleasure to once in a while call to see him in his retreat at Willow Breeches and Brockie and hear him tell good stories, of which he had always a good supply on hand.

Quite a long time ago I called to see him and he said that he had just had an extraordinary good time with the children. That they had just been reading a five bear story and that usually they had only one, two and at most three, bear stories to feed the children's curiosity. I give this to show Mr. Black's childlike simplicity and kind nature. But, as with us all, the end had to come, and we laid him to rest in Prospect Hill cemetery and as we did so the spotless snow came gently down and wrapped his new-made grave in a robe of white.

LABOR, CAPITAL, SOCIALISM, GOVERNMENT, ETC.

Laobr Day Address at Bonne Brae Park.

Mr. McClune spoke in part as follows:

We will call particular attention to the relation which should exist between those who compose the employed classes.

We contend that there are certain obligations existing between members of these classes which arise out of their mutual environments and which are of such binding force as to be paramount to the individual rights of any of said members.

The good of a class is superior to the good of an individual of that class.

The environment of all individual workers as such is that their status as contracting parties for their labor with the employer is far beneath that of the latter.

An essential element of all fair contracts is that the parties thereto are equally free to contract. It will not be pretended, under present industrial conditions, except in some very special cases, that the importance to the employer of the services of any single individual worker can be compared to the importance which the getting or losing a job is to that worker. Generally it is a matter of no moment to the former

to say to the latter, "I will not employ you;" or, if already employed, "You can quit," but to the latter it often involves suffering for himself and those near and dear to him.

All of the employed class should recognize the fact that one of the principal causes of this want of equal status of the worker with the employer is the large numbers of the workers employed in modern industries and the surplus of workers which sometimes exists. This all contributes to this mutual disadvantage under which each labors when he comes to individually contract with the employer, and out of this mutual disadvantage thus caused by each, arises the mutual duty of all to stand together. The only way yet discovered to do this is for the workers to act together in contracting for their work.

But again, the good which joint action on the part of many of the working class has done for even those who have refused to join them and have allied themselves with the employers, creates an obligation on their part to join the union. It will certainly not be denied that they are receiving better pay and enjoy other better conditions as the direct result of what organized labor has done. The strike breakers have no right to complain of anything which they suffer from unionism, for they are violators of the sacred obligations resting upon them to stand faithfully with their class.

The working class may well be compared to the crew of an imperiled boat. They are all bound to do all they can to bring her into port. If any refuse to work with the others, and especially if they attempt to obstruct them, they have no right to complain if they are thrown overboard.

But some workers say that they are willing to act with the union in demanding better conditions and to even join them in a strike, if necessary, but that they do not wish to join it. They do not think that that is necessary. This is a great mistake. Suppose there were no organizations and that all would depend upon spontaneously getting together when emergencies arise. No better evidence ought to be wanted that nothing could be accomplished in this way, than the fact that all employers express the willingness to meet their employees in a body, or even committees which they might send. They know very well that there would be no adhesiveness about such bodies.

The very fact that they strenuously object to recognize the representatives of organized labor, shows that they do care for it. How could money be raised to sustain strikes without organization? Who would have authority to collect, receive, hold and disburse it? How could the workers be trained to peacably conduct strikes? Let no worker try to satisfy himself that by simply act-

ing with the unionist when the conflict is on is fulfilling his obligation to the members of his class. His duty calls him into the union, to aid in strengthening it financially and morally. Had not the miners been thoroughly organized; had they depended on getting together spontaneously, would they have obtained what they did in the great anthracite coal strike? Let all the working people understand that organized labor is the only bulwark which stands between them and the ravages of organized dollars.

If the employed will faithfully stand by each other, they need not question the abstract right of the employer to keep open shop, for what would open shops avail if no workers would go into them to work? Let them all stand together in staying out, and they will ultimately all march together in, whether it is an open shop or not. We repeat that there is a supreme obligation resting upon working people to be faithful to their own class, even if, in order to do so, they must sacrifice personal rights.

Who is it that most strenuously objects to the observance of this obligation in good faith by the working people? It is not even the working people who refuse or fail to observe and obey it. It is the employing class and those who speak for them. Their attorneys in court, their preachers in the pulpit, their speakers on the rostrum, their friendly newspapers, all with one accord

proclaim the right of a man to work for whom and what he pleases.

What is the motive which is causing this apparently deep interest in the working man?

Surely some other motive than interest in the laboring man inspires this enthusiasm in his favor. The truth is that the employing class must have the aid of such non-union laboring men or yield to the better conditions asked for by organized labor. In other words, it is the purpose of the employing class to use one section of the working class to defeat the other section. And still worse, it is the purpose to use the non-union workers against ultimately bettering their own condition.

The employing class has no use whatever for the non-union worker when he cannot use him to subserve his own interest.

An examination of the main purpose of the working class in insisting upon the members of that class abiding by their obligation to stand by each other in contracting for their work with the employing class, will show that there is nothing in it but what is fair and right toward the employing class and that the latter should not object to it. The purpose is to greatly strengthen the status of the working class as a contracting party for his work with the employing class, and this is surely right.

This is a matter which is not understood by

the public, nor as it should be by non-union workers. Hence they say that a man has a right to work for whom, when and for what he pleases. They say that the union is all right in its place. That labor has a perfect right to organize, but just the instant that it attempts to reap any of the practical benefits of union and by doing so interferes with those who should stand with them, then the cry is heard of the tyranny of unionism.

Unionism is all right, as long as it aims at the stars, according to this theory, but as soon as it gets down among men, to better their conditions, it is all wrong, because it interferes with the conduct of some individual traitors to their own class. These traitors are the worthy objects upon which the employers intentionally bestow their sympathies, and the public, for want of a proper understanding of the matter, ignorantly bestow theirs.

Labor Day Address at St. Mary's.

Mr. McClune spoke in part as follows:

It must be conceded that, under the present capitalistic and competitive system, the employer who furnishes the capital, manages the business and takes the risk of failure to succeed in it, is entitled to a very liberal proportion of the profits. But, as a very essential element in producing said profits, is the labor and skill of the em-

ployee; he also has an equitable claim to a fair proportion thereof.

Let us propound to the employer this practical interrogatory: Is it wise for you to pay low wages from even your own financial standpoint?

What is a necessary condition to the real enjoyment of property? Is it not to live in a happy, intelligent and prosperous community? Let that man who don't think so, go with his riches among the Hottentots, and see how he will enjoy it there.

Suppose that every person in the United States of small means would become bankrupt, what would very soon be the condition of the remainder? How utterly impotent would the latter's wealth be to save itself and them from the common ruin which would overwhelm all!

If this is so, is it not to the best interests of all to do all they can to make a prosperous community in which to live?

Is it not folly to be adding to possessions, if the manner in which it is done operates against that prosperous condition of the people generally which is necessary to make the surroundings fit for its enjoyment?

Proper shelter, food, clothing and intellectual, moral and religious education are absolutely necessary to make a happy community. But the great majority of the people have little else but

their manual and mental labor with which to obtain these things.

Is it not plain, therefore, that it is to the ultimate happiness of all that the highest standard of wages be maintained?

Fairly dividing the profits made by labor and capital must, therefore, be the best for all.

But when much more than the proper proportion is taken by the few, all the others must suffer from getting too little.

If a few thousand men in the world would conclude to distribute, by paying better wages out of what they have and do not need, the effect would be so beneficial upon business that they, themselves, would feel the good effects of it, and would not, in fact, in the end lose much and all would be happy.

How much better it is in a community, from a business standpoint, for ten families to each have ten thousand dollars than for one family to have one hundred thousand dollars!

The property owner is certainly interested in industrial and business prosperity. The very foundation of this is consumers with the means to buy the products of the farm, mill, mine, shop and factory, and to use the means of transportation.

Who constitutes the great majority of the consumers? Are they not the working classes? Is it not, therefore, a matter of the greatest impor-

tance that they obtain the means wherewith to buy?

The practice has been to get the most work done in the shortest time, with the least number of workers and at the lowest wages. This four-footed monster has ruled the industrial world up to a few years ago, when organized labor undertook to grapple with it.

This monster, it must be conceded, greatly diminishes the purchasing power which goes into the hands of the consumer and thus decreases business, from which the capitalist must suffer finally as well as the wage-earner. The former is skimped in his business and the latter in his living.

It is plain, therefore, that a practice which regards production but ignores consumption, is certainly not good for either the capitalist or workingman.

An inexorable law has decreed that the capitalist makes the kind of customers which he has for his products by the amount of wages which he pays. Low wages inevitably means poor customers. Let us try to illustrate this. A capitalist builds a lot of houses with cheap labor. He must generally go to those who work for the means wherewith to buy or rent his houses. If their wages are small, their means with which to buy or rent inevitably must be small. But he says that he is not limited in get-

ting purchasers or tenants for his houses to those who build them. He can sell or rent to other people. But, come from where they may, as we have shown, they will be those who have nothing but their wages with which to pay rent or purchase money for his houses. We are not disputing his abstract right to build his houses just as cheaply as he can, but we are disputing his wisdom, from his own standpoint, in doing so. In saying this, we do not wish to defend his conduct in the least, for it must be true of every capitalist who acts upon this theory, in any business in which he is engaged, that he expects other capitalists to pay better wages than he does. This is not only supremely selfish, but wicked, for his only chance for gain is in others doing right and he doing wrong.

Again, suppose that the owners of the land could, with the aid of machinery, do all their work. But they must sell their surplus products, and the laborers are the principal consumers thereof, and if they do not have work to do at good wages, how can they buy the products of the farm?

The property owner is putting his capital into houses, means of transportation, literary productions, places of amusement, etc., etc. If the common people cannot get sufficient wages to use these things, his houses will be tenantless, the grass will grow upon his railroads, no happy

voices will resound in his places of amusement and his books and magazines will remain upon his shelves unsold, whilst ignorance and degradation will exist all around him.

He who puts his capital into such things as must be used by the people and then sanctions the employment of cheap labor, is certainly sowing seed not to grow, but to decay.

An Undelivered Labor Day Address.

I was engaged to deliver a Labor Day address in a certain city. When I got into the ante-room where I could see the audience, to my great discomfiture, I saw that it was composed almost entirely of women and children, the latter greatly predominating.

It was a manufacturing city. I went there prepared to discuss the subject of the effects of modern machinery and invention upon the present economic conditions of mankind. I expected to appear before an audience composed of intelligent mechanics. I never even thought of addressing a lot of children. No two things along that line could have been a bigger misfit than my audience and speech.

On this occasion they had a number of other performances. I asked the manager where I was on his program. He said "Pretty near the last." I said, "I wish I was next after the last." "Why then," he said, "you wouldn't be on it at all." I

replied, "That is it, exactly." I said, "I did not come here to address children, and as I am so near the last, let me off?" "Why," he says, "I cannot do that; we put you near the last to hold the audience, as you are the drawing card of this occasion." "Well," I says, "where are the men of your city? By the large number of children you have in there, there must be some men around here, if these children are not all foreigners." "Well," he says, "I must say we have lots of even union men, and I suppose that many of them are in the saloons." "What?" I said, "You brought here a speaker from abroad on unionism and the attraction of neither that subject or the foreign speaker can compete with the saloon in drawing even your union men! Is that so?" "Well," he says, "I am sorry to say it is." I was mad and I said, "Don't you think that you had better follow Lot's example and get out of this city in time?" He laughed, but insisted that I make a speech and consented that it might be very short.

I sat there waiting for my turn to come, I imagine a good bit like a criminal awaits his sentence.

I had almost made up my mind to begin my talk by saying something like this, that "I was pleased that those present had not forsaken the hall to join their husbands and fathers in the saloons," but I repented, because I thought these

women and children cannot help it that their husbands and fathers, who are workingmen, prefer the saloons to a place where the labor question is to be discussed.

In what I did say, I took another course, however, and among other things I said, "Judging the union men of this city by their representatives here in the persons of these beautiful children, they must be such men as are worthy of citizenship in the greatest republic on earth. They have freely imbibed from the crystal fountains of liberty. They are worthy representatives of those heroic forefathers who baptized the soil with their own blood in the great war for independence." For this, I received recognition enough to get through with a speech, the only merit of which was its brevity. I did not make the address which I went there to deliver, with the hope that I might do some good for trades unionism.

A Defense of Socialism.

The following argument was made at the re-request of the Socialist club, of York, Pa.. It was made with the same partiality for socialism as would exist for a client in an important case and without regard to my own opinions on the subject. As to this great question, I myself have only reached the stage of earnest inquiry, and I respectfully submit that this is what all should

do who are not convinced that Socialism is either right or wrong. No one can afford to be indifferent on this important subject, for all are personally and deeply interested in what is the best for all, for what is best for all must, in the last analysis, be the best for the individual.

The People vs. the Individual.

For the people it is claimed that their general happiness is the test of any economic system and that judged by this individualism is not a success.

Natural Rights.

Permitting individuals to control the natural resources, the means of manufacture and transportation for their own profit is an insuperable obstacle to the happiness of mankind in general.

The subject of the natural resources takes us back to the conditions of man's creation. All are put upon this earth without choice as to whether they shall come or not, and with inexorable wants not of their choosing. Their claims, therefore, upon their Creator to have these wants supplied are absolutely equal. And therefore their right to the natural resources which the Creator has provided to meet these wants must also be absolutely equal.

If this is good logic then to allow individuals to own these resources is a clear violation of the natural rights of the whole people to the same.

Work.

Whilst the Creator has provided these resources they are not as a general thing ready for immediate application to man's wants. Much has to be done to till the soil, mine the coal and ores, cut down the forests and do many other things to prepare these elements to shelter, nourish and comfort man.

To entitle man to his part of the prepared product it is decreed that he must do his part of this work. If he is able to work and will not he has no right to the prepared product.

Each cannot make all he needs and as evolution goes on man's wants will increase and therefore the less able will he be to meet them. Mankind therefore has to depend upon each other to meet their wants. This is the natural foundation of human society.

An economic law declares that the individual should work at the making of one or at most a few similar things or parts thereof and that those who so work shall work together and this latter provision is much emphasized by the modern use of machinery.

This results in bringing large numbers of workers together in mills, shops, factories and other places. This so commingles their labor that even if there was an intent to fairly distribute its products it would be very difficult to do it. Plaintiff contends that a fair distribution

will be secured if the commonwealth runs these places in the interests of all the workers.

Plaintiff also contends that a very important element in running these places is what is contributed by the natural forces, such as water, wind, electricity, etc., and that these belong to all the people the same as the natural resources of which, in fact, they are a part.

It is conceded by plaintiff that individuals may have a claim to such modes and plans as they may themselves originate for applying these forces to the work, but for this they should be compensated by the government and then the inventions given to all who wish to use them. This, if it had been adopted at first, might have done much good. Now the introduction of labor-saving inventions instead of being a blessing to the workers, is often a menace to them by taking their jobs. A system which inspires hatred toward a machine which saves human toil must be a bad one and its age is no reason for its continuance.

Individualism, instead of even pretending to provide for a fair distribution of the products of labor, in fact protects individuals in running manufacturing and other places and in conducting transportation facilities for their own profit. It is absurd to pretend that this can inure to the general happiness of mankind.

It results in fact in such inequality as is exas-

perating to the large majority of the people. Through it a few have an enormous surplus of property. Others have a surplus. Others have a sufficiency but the majority have not enough to meet their legitimate needs and a large number are in actual want.

Not only has it produced this inequality in the distribution of products, but it has resulted in the same condition as to doing the work. Some live in luxurious idleness, which is not only unfair to others, but very injurious to themselves. Others do much less than their part. Many have to do too much and are thereby deprived of the opportunity to cultivate their mental and social faculties. All this inequality therefore militates against the real happiness of mankind in general.

Waste.

But bad as are the inequalities just described, they are not the worst feature perhaps of individualism. It is the cause of great waste of labor and products. We will refer to some instances of this waste. If one factory can produce all that is required to supply a certain market and a store is large enough to distribute all that is necessary to meet a certain demand then the building of another factory and store is certainly a waste of labor and materials. Look at the waste in connection with the competitive system in conducting the newspapers of the country. The same news printed in ten establishments, when it

could all be done by one by simply enlarging it and increasing its machinery.

But the defendant says that the running of competitive factories and stores greatly increases employment.

To this plaintiff replies that increase of employment cannot alone secure happiness. Slaves always have employment. What is wanted is the proper distribution of employment and its products so that all will have an opportunity and then work will always hunt the worker.

There must be something radically wrong about a system which results in a great waste of labor and materials. It is in direct conflict with economy as we see it exhibited in the works of creation.

The trust in combining recognizes the benefits of economy and so far is right, but in taking all its benefits for the few it is all wrong.

Let this great economic principle rule until everything which ought to be held in common is concentrated in the commonwealth and then the industrial and business affairs of mankind will be established on a solid foundation.

A proper amount of work is conducive to human happiness. Happiness cannot be had without it. But the whole matter turns on the amount and kinds of work. Shorter periods of time should be required at hard work than at easy work. And the time and energy required at

any kind of work should not be so much as to destroy the inclination and opportunity for social improvement, and does not need to under proper distribution.

Under plaintiff's system every proper effort would be made to economize labor and materials, having in view the substantial comforts of all.

The concentration of property in the hands of the few leads them to waste labor and materials in many cases simply as a matter of pride. Hence we see palaces for one family to live in which have taken as much labor and materials to construct as would build comfortable homes for a hundred people. We see gilded palaces and dingy hovels and the latter are to a great extent the result of the former. Under plaintiff's system there would be none of either but good homes for all who do their part of the work.

The erection of monuments is another waste of labor and materials, which is to a great extent the result of individualism, for that is the promoter of selfishness and pride.

The dead can ultimately have no other shelter than what the kind bosom of mother earth furnishes.

The living need and are entitled to have shelter and until all who are willing to work have it all the labor and materials used in monuments for the dead is a wicked waste of the same.

Let those who wish to have monuments which

will in fact honor and perpetuate their names among the living build permanent memorial tenement houses to let at sufficient rent to pay repairs of same and infant lips born in them from generation to generation will be taught to speak the names of their builders. These will be living monuments along the thoroughfares of life and not dead ones in the cemeteries.

Another source of waste is the labor and materials put into cathedrals, churches and theatres beyond what is necessary for their proper use. Such have been erected costing from more than a hundred million dollars downward.

If Christ were to visit any of the cities in Christendom and look upon this lavish expenditure and then would look through their by-ways and even under some of their wharves and see the many thousands of human beings who are suffering for shelter He would doubtless in deep sorrow exclaim, "Stop this waste; I have told you to feed my sheep and this also means to shelter them."

How much more good would the church have accomplished if it had followed the plain ideals of Christ instead of following that spirit of rivalry, if not competition, which has led to all this waste of labor and materials.

And it certainly would be better to have good homes for all the people to live in than gorgeous theatres to amuse part of them in.

War is another source of tremendous waste. And what is war but the legitimate offspring of individual greed and ambition controlling the action of the governments?

Militarism, to say nothing of the human beings who have died at its behests, has cost mankind more in labor and materials than would provide good homes for all who need them, make good roads all over the earth and build ships to carry all the commerce of the world.

What is the excuse offered for all the waste of labor and materials used in being prepared for war? It is that it is a guarantee of peace. A worse delusion than this never infested the human mind. You might as well say that war is peace. It causes the nations to enter into a wild rivalry in the construction of fortifications, war ships and implements and munitions of war. They educate a lot of men to man and handle these things, and men thus educated are sure to obtain opportunities to test their education. As long as nations educate men for war so long will there be war, and as soon as the nations cease to so train them war will end.

A twin delusion to that of being prepared for war is that of going abroad to rule other people on the hypocritical assumption that they must have somebody to govern them. This ultimately destroys the exploiting government, and so it should.

Another waste of labor and materials which plaintiff's system would decrease is the building of immense capitols, municipal buildings, custom houses, prisons, almshouses, etc. There would be little need of all such if the people and nations would cooperate with rather than compete with each other.

Real Friendship.

Under individual competition there can be very little real friendship between man and man. How can A, in fact, be friendly with B if both are in the same business and necessarily are bidding for the same customers? Instead of wishing each other success they, in the nature of things, wish the contrary. The pretension of friendship between them is nothing but hypocrisy.

Under the competitive system hypocrisy permeates every branch of business and industry from that of the bootblack to that of the greatest manufacturers and merchants.

Competition carries its gall into the professions. What a parody on real friendship it is for a lot of doctors, lawyers, or even priests and preachers to gather at the bier of a dead brother to express regret at his demise when they are all in fact glad that he is dead and out of their way.

Politics.

Competition's greatest exploits are in the

realm of politics, both in and between the parties. However true a man may have been to his party, as soon as he asks for its nomination for an office he is charged with treason to it by those competing with him for the nomination. And then after the nominations are made the printing presses, lips, pencils and pens of the opposition open upon him. If one per cent. of what they say against him is true he should be running for the penitentiary instead of for a public office.

The time has come to stop this competition for office. Its effects are extremely demoralizing upon the people. All kinds of doubtful means are employed to gain success. When all will be in the employ of the commonwealth then this hungering after public office will cease. The armies of the ins and outs will lay down their weapons and shake hands across the filthy chasm of party politics.

There will still remain plenty of room for honorable rivalry to occupy the higher positions in the management of the affairs of the commonwealth under the co-operative system.

Aspiration.

It is said that co-operation will destroy all aspiration for achievements on the part of individuals. This is judging humanity by the selfish standard established by the competitive system. In many cases even under it the mainspring of the great inventors and projectors of mechanical

and industrial improvements is success in the thing itself and not the dollars that may be in it for them.

Eliminate the dollar and then the honors which would be theirs for success would be as much greater than they are under the competitive dollar regime, as the happiness of mankind generally is greater than the aggrandizement of a few individuals. But all distinctions are more or less in conflict with the great law of equality. The theory that there is room at the top is a geometrical absurdity. There is no room there for the many, and if they could and did get there the thing would topple over of its own weight.

It is also said that plaintiff's system would leave no room for philanthropy. This is a condition greatly to be desired, for no room for this would mean no poor to be helped. Philanthropy is a very poor substitute for equality.

But there would be plenty of room for kindness under the co-operative system toward those who from infancy, disease or age are not able to do their part of the work.

Philanthropy can never relieve the minds of men from the anxiety about having a job. With honorable men to accept assistance from others is itself a humiliating thought which is even worse than the fear of being out of a job.

We have argued this case from the practical

business standpoint, but let us briefly refer to the moral standpoint.

Assure all who are willing to work a proper living and you withdraw this powerful inducement from people to engage in any demoralizing business.

Under this regime the gambling hells, the brothels and low dives would soon close their doors to never open them again, and the commonwealth instead of going in partnership with them by licensing them would have clean hands to clean out such places as would attempt to engage in such business.

In concluding this argument we wish to say that plaintiff does not charge the wrongs of defendant's system entirely upon the few who seem to profit by it. We blame the system itself. It is hoary with age. It is protected by constitutions and laws. We say seem to profit. What is profit without happiness? How can they be really happy in the fitful uncertain condition of having people all around them who are justly dissatisfied with the conditions of life?

If the jury in this case consisted entirely even of the aforesaid few they ought to promptly render a verdict for the plaintiff.

The Leaders in Industry.

Under the present competitive system of living the persons who have projected the plans

and carried them to success, by which the forces and elements of nature have been captured as it were and made to contribute support and comfort to mankind, deserve great credit and respect.

That man has moral courage and the elements of real heroism in his make up who will risk all he has and even the danger of beclouding his whole financial life with debts, by going into a project in which he may may fail and in which, if he succeeds, he will do others as much good almost as himself. He also risks making of his friends bitter enemies, if he advises them to invest their capital in his project and they lose it.

The faithful leaders of industry who have been fair to their employees have done their full share to improve the conditions of the human race.

Without their courage, tact and devotion to duty and progress, many of the resources of nature which now lighten man's burden and improve his condition would still be dormant.

Instead, therefore, of there being any prejudice against them as a class, they deserve to be and are highly esteemed by all right thinking people. Their employees, for whom they have made work, should be their best friends.

The man who opens up a new industry under the present economic system is as much of a benefactor as the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

To such employers as these, if fair to their employees, the most faithful service is due from the latter. Their attachment to and respect for them should be more enthusiastic than is that of soldiers for good officers.

And when it is manifest that the business of such employer is not prosperous and that doubts and fears obstruct his pathway, the employee should be willing to come to his rescue, if to do so involves large sacrifice on the part of the latter. By doing this they may, after all, be best advancing their own interests, by preserving their jobs, although a higher motive than this should influence them.

Advance Homes.

No word in the human language inspires more real good emotions than the word home. Far as man may roam and severe as may be his experiences, they cannot extinguish his love of home. In the eloquent language of another, "Home! home! Sweet home; be it e'er so humble, there is no place like home."

But it is not the purpose now to speak of the ordinary home, but of a particular kind of home needed by a certain class. It is a home where permanently enfeebled people could, by advancing a certain amount, be admitted to a permanent home.

With the exception of some little provision for

these kind of homes by some churches, this great field for benevolent operations is left uncultivated.

There are many people who badly need such homes and could furnish the stipulated amount to enter them, if philanthropy would take the direction of founding them.

They might be located near enough to the cities to make them pleasant for their inmates. They ought to have considerable land connected with them, so that small plots could be set apart to such of the inmates as desired to cultivate them, thus giving them something to employ some of their time for the good of themselves and the institution.

In these homes they could be conveniently and economically attended when sick.

Such homes, properly regulated, would afford increased opportunity for sociability and even the cultivation of the mind and heart.

The good that such homes would do would not even be confined to the advantages derived by their actual occupants.

The fact that many people of limited means who would know that if at last it came to that, they could turn over to the home what they have and enter it and the wolf be thus barred from their doors during life, would be encouraged thereby. Many such would in fact never go there, but would make a triumphant battle

against untoward circumstances. Not only this, but it would be an incentive to the people to lay by enough to go to them, if necessary. It would also encourage others to raise enough to get their friends and relatives into such homes, if necessary. And what satisfaction it would give all to know that such enfeebled relatives were being kindly cared for!

Whilst the Carnegies, Rockefellers and others are giving so much toward the education of the people, would it not be well for them to think of doing more for the old, to help them stand the burdens of life? Many of them have bravely stood the heat and burden of the day, but at last are about to fall by the wayside. They have still a little left. Provide them with a refuge from the storm. Establish such homes and the amount of mental as well as physical suffering which would be prevented would be incalculable.

Money.

Money is an interesting topic, both to those who have plenty of it and those who have not. The first have lots of trouble to take care of it and the second more trouble to get it. But it is not along this line that we propose to write about it. It is its nature which we will try to discuss.

Money is a medium of exchange. If the haves and don't needs could conveniently exchange

with the needs and don't haves, there would be no need of a medium of exchange or money, so-called. It is therefore simply a matter of convenience. If this is so, why should there not be a sufficiency of it accessible to amply supply this convenience? and if this is so, why should the amount of it in circulation be limited or controlled by the amount of certain metals which can be gotten out of the earth or away from other countries? Does not common sense suggest that the amount of it in circulation should be adapted to the business conditions of the people?

If we did not have any gold and silver or other metals to take their places for use as money, would industry and business cease and everything financially go to the "demnition bowwows"? The fellow who will stand up and pretend that he thinks so is badly wanted for exhibition at the Jamestown Exposition, as the monumental mossback of the twentieth century.

If these metals were to be of such vast importance to mankind, then why are they hidden away in the earth so that it is utterly impossible to find enough of them to in reality supply the need for money?

This whole theory is founded upon the alleged intrinsic value of the metals. This is a nonsequitur or, in fact, a delusion, for there can be no value attached to a thing which is inde-

pendent of what it is used for. If gold and silver ceased to be used to coin into money, would they not greatly decrease in value? It is the using of them, therefore, to make money, which gives them the greater part of their value, and therefore their value is commercial and not intrinsic. The legitimate measure of the value of a thing ought to be its peculiar suitableness to the purpose for which it is wanted. Judged by this, these metals are failures for use as a medium of exchange, for they are heavy and hard to secrete in any quantity on the person.

Money is also said to be a measure of value. That is, it is to be the measure or standard by which the value of all commodities is to be ascertained.

It requires but little consideration to apprehend that the actual material out of which this token or measure of value is made, ought to be of very little consequence. That is, it ought to be unlike everything else in that it is independent of the law of supply and demand. How can it be a consistent, faithful measure of the value of everything else, if it is itself constantly changing as a result of the increase or decrease of the material out of which it is made? Is it not, therefore, manifest that, instead of money being made out of a thing which is very scarce, it ought to be made out of something which is so plentiful that the scarcity of the same could have

no effect upon it in any way? and let it be sustained by the value of everything in the country whose government issues it, and for protection against being counterfeited; let it be made with the greatest artistic skill and hedged about with severe penalties, just as paper money is now made and protected.

But it will be said that this is fiat money. Well, what if it is, if it has reason to support it? It may also be said that this is the greenback theory. Well, the greenback's ancestor, Continental money, financed the American Revolution, and the greenbacks the great Civil War, and that is more than gold ever did, would or could do. Gold always plays hide and seek in a time of financial storm.

The paper money now in circulation in the United States consists principally of national bank notes. These notes are based upon its debt. The national banks hold bonds representing this debt, which they deposit with the United States, the debtor, and then it authorizes them to issue their notes, which it prepares for them and also guarantees the payment thereof.

Thus we have the anomalous situation of the debtor becoming the holder of the securities given by itself to its own creditors. Surely the debt of the government is an element of weakness in it, and if it can make this the foundation of a circulating medium, why can it not issue it without basing it on its debt?

This practice of basing a circulating medium upon the debt of a nation encourages the making and fostering of debts, which is the very reverse of what good financiering prescribes should be done with them. Debts are made to be paid, and the sooner the better. There never was a worse delusion built its nest in the human cranium than that a national, or for that matter, any other debt, is a blessing to the debtor. It is an element of weakness. It is a financial vampire, and the earlier it is liquidated the sooner is the debtor relieved of its exhausting effects. It counts its slaves by the thousands and it is a nightmare which disturbs more pillows than all other nightmares put together.

Let the government of the United States pay its debt as fast as possible. Let it show the debt-ridden people of the earth what a glorious nation, a nation without debt, is, and then let it issue money to the people in the most convenient manner and in just such quantities as may be needed to transact their business.

Let the golden calf and the silver crown be disenshrined and broken and their fragments relegated to the arts and the trinkets where they belong and for whose purposes they are suited.

Abandon the use of all metals as money, as a relic of the past.

Is it at all likely that away back in the remote past, when man was a roving creature and when

there were no farms, mills, factories, railroads and other such really valuable permanent things upon which to base the circulating medium of the realm, man had already discovered the best thing out of which to make it.

Away with such devotion to blind antiquity. It is contrary to all history. Man has made great progress along all other lines and is it not natural to expect him to advance along this line also? Metallic money has had its day. It is no more suited to this age than is the sickle or spinning wheel.

Civil War.

The best use which can be made of past civil wars is to hold them up as solemn warnings against future ones.

If I presumed to portray in its true colors our late Civil War, I fear that my pencil would drop helpless from my fingers.

To be appreciated, the horrors of civil war must be seen. The most eloquent voice which ever resounded in human ears or appealed to the judgment of mankind is utterly impotent to portray their horrors.

One of the sad sights which we who have passed through a long civil war must behold, is to see the apparent readiness with which a succeeding generation would become a victim of the same untoward conditions. If only some super-

human limner would paint civil war in its true colors, so that all might behold it and be warned thereby! Such a painting would surpass in vividness any thunder cloud which ever swept across the heavens.

But it may be said, why urge this warning so strenuously now? slavery is abolished and the union established on solid foundations. But don't be lulled into security by these conditions, for there are other questions loaded with sufficient force to explode and bring on civil war at almost any time, if not very carefully shackled. Out of even the abolition of slavery has come certain conditions involving the relations of the two races which, if not wisely and dispassionately handled, may lead to serious results as bad as war.

The unsolved question which boldly confronts us is, can equal political rights abide where equal personal and social rights do not?

It is said that the education of the negro will result in answering this interrogatory in the affirmative. It will surely be a welcome consummation if it does. The result, however, of what independence of character it has already given the negro, has only accentuated the race prejudice of the whites toward the negro, and this has reacted upon the latter and made him more antagonistic to the whites. This is very unfortunate and certainly ought to incline both races to

try to find a peacable solution of this question.

The antipathy of the two races, as such, seems to be a provision of nature and not the result of any wilful wrong of the one to the other. Why such natural antipathy exists may not be apparent, but we can recognize it and shape our conduct toward each other, as races, accordingly.

It seems that climate and locality are important factors in this connection.

We must take the races as we find them, whatever may be our speculations as to their origin. As we find them, they certainly are physically and mentally adapted to certain climates and this natural antipathy toward each other may be designed to keep them in the climates and localities to which they naturally belong, and out of the climates and localities to which they do not belong. My solution of this race problem is based upon this proposition, that the races should stay in the climates to which they naturally belong. This inevitably involves the return to those climates to which they naturally belong of those who have departed therefrom. I do not mean that this should be done at once or by compulsion of any kind, but that it should be the recognized policy of both races. Let this natural separation take place voluntarily and it will at once give hope of ultimately peacably solving this perplexing and dangerous problem and thus end all danger of war about it.

When obedience to this natural law would begin to have its effect, it would give impetus to the migration of all to their natural climates, and where any race has a great preponderance of voters, its representatives would occupy the public offices as a matter of course. The white people should not forget that the negro did not voluntarily violate this climatic law, but their being out of their natural climate is the result of the white man's cupidity in making slaves of many of them, in climates to which they do not belong. Others of them who were in their proper climate left it to escape from slavery.

The negro should recognize the fact and the best of his people should constitute themselves missionaries and go among the worst thereof to teach them that if they feloniously invade the sanctity of white women, a swift and awful punishment will follow, without regard to the forms of law. Ignorant negroes, who cannot read, do not learn of what follows to individuals of their race in such cases. If personally told and plead with not to commit this crime and informed as to what will happen if they do; this might prevent some of these awful calamities.

On this race controversy those who remember what occurred immediately before our late Civil War cannot help, I think, but make very apprehensive comparisons between the present fulminations of some of those who speak on the race

question, with what was heard from anti- and pro-slavery disputants before the late war.

The nation drank the bitter cup of that intemperate agitation which destroyed all opportunity to peacably abolish slavery; shall it have another such cup distilled for it in the similar agitation of this race controversy? The voice of every patriot in the country should declare in no uncertain tones, It shall not!

The controversy between capital and labor is another which has so many explosive elements in it that all should approach it as they would a battery known to be heavily charged with dynamite.

The storm center of this conflict is now in the West. We who can remember when the storm commenced in Kansas, cannot help but note the similarity of the two conditions. Lawlessness inside and outside of the law was rampant in Kansas, and the same exists in Idaho. Two governors made use of the forms of law to, in fact, kidnap and carry three men from Colorado to Idaho. A former governor of Idaho was brutally torn to pieces by a missile set for him at his own gate. These are two of the terrible incidents boldly challenging each other and drawing to themselves the bitter feelings of antagonism between the contending parties. All over the United States are, not only individuals, but or-

ganizations, lined up on the one side or the other. How this reminds us of the condition of the country in 1860! These conditions ought to attract the most serious consideration of all who dread civil war or who love their country.

The unalterable purpose upon the part of every citizen of the United States, whether a partisan of labor or capital or of neither, should be that this controversy shall not bring civil war upon our beloved country. However true and faithful all may be to their respective sides, let all be still more true to the determination that civil war shall never again "drench our land in fraternal blood."

Another subject which has disturbing elements in it is what is best known by the name of "The American Saloon."

On the one side are large vested interests, supported by the habits of many people for ages and the cry of personal liberty and opposition to what is called sumptuary laws. On the other is the moral sense of many people outraged at the appalling results of the excessive use of intoxicants, not only directly upon those who so use them and those who are compelled to be closely connected with such, but indirectly, in the increased burdens put upon the people as the result of such excessive use and also the corrupting influence of the saloon upon the voters and the political parties.

Laws have been made to regulate the traffic in intoxicants to be used as a beverage. When they at first were enacted they were fiercely attacked in the courts, but were sustained under what is called the police power of the state.

Now the attitude is taken that the state cannot for a fee, license this traffic, under its police power, because the result of even the licensed saloon has been very injurious to the moral and material welfare of the people and that under this regime the quantity of intoxicants consumed is rapidly increasing. The ground is squarely taken by the opponents of the saloon that the state cannot invoke its police power to sanction that which is an injury to the people.

This question has been lately raised and decided against the saloon in four courts and for the saloon in one court in the state of Indiana. One of the four cases has been appealed to and advanced for argument by the supreme court of that state. Should the lower court be sustained, it will outlaw this traffic every place in that state. There is no doubt that this great question will finally reach the supreme court of the United States and if by it determined against the saloon, the results will be nothing less than a revolution along that line. Whilst I openly stand with those oposed to this traffic, what I now wish to urge is that whatever may be decided along this line, both sides will look upon

those who would resort to force and bloodshed as their worst enemies.

Whilst both sides may be strenuous in using all legitimate means to maintain their contention, let all be much more strenuous in preventing armed conflicts over this question.

Foreign Labor.

American civilization has claims upon the foreign laborer when he comes to this country. If his coming cheapens and demoralizes home labor, then the latter has a right to ask that it be curtailed or even prohibited.

How does substituting the cheap foreign labor for home labor affect the real interests of the employer and capitalist? He is substituting, as a customer for all those things in the sale of which he is interested, the foreigner, with few wants, for the American laborer, with many wants.

And admitting that the condition of the foreigner is improved over what it was in the country from whence he came, it is at too great a sacrifice of the interests of the home laborer.

Let the foreigner come up to the standard of the American as a consumer of our products, and to do this he must demand good wages. In other words, let him live like the American laborer desires to live and all objections to his coming are obviated.

We have shown that proper wages constitute the very foundation of prosperity and progress, and the cheap foreign labor comes in direct conflict with this.

Nearly all the people of the United States are interested against flooding this country with cheap foreign, or for that matter, any other cheap labor. The farmer, the merchant, the publisher and all others along the industrial and business lines, are interested in more money going into the hands of the workingman to enable him to buy more, and the admission of the cheap foreign labor directly conflicts with this.

The restriction, therefore, of the influx of the cheap foreign laborer, is not in conflict with the brotherhood of man in its broad and common-sense application to present actual conditions. This restriction is manifestly best for the vast majority of the people of the world under said conditions. This is demonstrated by the fact that the higher the wages are in a country, the more does that country become a hopeful, inspiring example to the people of other countries to raise the wages of their people.

This being so, it is a world-wide injury to allow cheap foreign labor to lower the wages paid in such a country and thus destroy its effect as an example to the people of other countries. Its effect will surely be to lower the wages the world over, and this will injure the working peo-

ple even in the very country from which the cheap foreigner comes.

Judging the matter, therefore, from the standpoint of what is best, not only for the people of all nations, but even those of the nation from which the cheap laborer comes, he should be kept at home.

Organized labor in the United States, where the highest wages are paid, is clearly right, therefore, in its opposition to the admission of the cheap foreign laborer, let him come from whatever country he may.

We think that we have clearly shown in another place that the effort to keep wages low is a short-sighted policy on the part of all who have their capital invested in such things as are for consumption, and it is still worse policy to seek to lower wages by the bringing into the country of undesirable people for the very purpose of having them compete with and lower the wages of the American workingman.

We reiterate that what this country wants now are customers for its products that are good, respectable people, who wish to live in such manner as will constitute a happy community and who must get such wages as will enable them to so live. This country certainly does not want people who are willing to accept low wages and to live accordingly. Such can never constitute

a desirable community for either capitalists or workers to live in.

Flood the United States with foreign or any other kind of cheap labor, and you will not only utterly demoralize the people within her borders, but you will extinguish the beacon light which she has been giving to the working people of the world as an example of what good wages will do for them in their own countries.

Not only has this light penetrated their homes and inspired them with hope, but it has also penetrated the homes of their capitalists and the cabinets of their governments and led them to at least consider the matter of advancing the wages of their people.

Trusts.

The great number of those who have to obtain their livelihood with their labor makes the increase of employment the paramount issue with them under the present wage system.

Trusts when brought to this test must be condemned, for one of their main purposes is to curtail the number of employees and thus save in the outlay for wages.

It is a sad commentary on any system to say that its economizing works injury to those connected with it. To economize ought always to be right, as we think we have elsewhere shown. But as long as we are under the present wage

system, trusts must be considered as inimical to the interests of the workingman, because they decrease his opportunity to get work.

But it is said that trusts cheapen the product to the consumer, among whom are the workingman, and that this offsets the decrease in the opportunity to get employment. But what good does that do the people who are deprived of employment? They have nothing to buy with at any price. A consumer is certainly in a better situation with some means in a dear market than with no means in a cheap one.

But more, the combine not only decreases employment, but, by controlling the output and strangling competition, can arbitrarily fix the prices, thus depriving the consumer of the alleged advantages of the combine in decreasing the same.

It is for the very purpose of controlling the output, destroying competition and by so doing have the control of prices that all trusts are formed.

It is sometimes alleged that trades unionism is itself a monopoly of labor.

Viewed from a practical standpoint labor, being surrounded with nearly all branches of business monopolized, might be excused for doing something along that line too.

But the bad feature about monopolies is that

they concentrate property in the hands of the few, to the manifest deprivation of the many.

This feature cannot apply to trades unionism, for the very apparent reason that the laborers are too numerous.

If the leaders of trades unionism were buying up all labor and then putting it on the market at their own prices for their own gain, that would be a monopoly of labor.

But how different from all trusts is the design and effect of what is done by the leaders of trades unionism. Their purpose is to better the condition of the laborer. The labor is not bought up. It is not cornered for the benefit of the few, but it is united for the good of the many. This charge, therefore, of monopoly against trades unionism, is utterly without foundation.

The Union Label.

It is sometimes said that legislation to protect organized labor in the use of the label, which indicates to the purchaser that the article was made by it, is unfair to other manufacturers. This might be worthy of consideration, if all were not free to allow their places to be unionized.

But it is said that, in effect, the union label boycotts the products of factories and shops not unionized. That is, that the union people and

their friends will not buy articles unless they have the label on them to indicate that they are made in unionized factories.

If to boycott the goods of non-union shops was the purpose of the label, then this objection might be supported. But this is not the intent, but only an incidental result of what is done for the just purpose of securing for those who make the goods an equitable share for their labor.

The seeming boycott of non-union made goods is in fact the penalty which the manufacturer of them suffers for arbitrarily refusing to allow his place to be unionized.

If he consents to his place being unionized, he has the advantage of the enhanced prices which result from the use of the label. In fact, in this respect, he is in a better position than the unionist, for the latter, as a consumer, must pay more for the goods because the label is on them.

Consumers generally are benefited by the label in one important particular, for whilst there are grades of union-made goods, it is a guarantee that they are up to the standard claimed for them. If this was not so, then the union workman would be deceiving his fellow unionist as a purchaser, by allowing a false insignia to mislead him as to the quality of the goods.

One thing which organized labor should strictly guard is that union-made goods shall be as represented.

By doing this the union is protecting the consumer, whether the latter belongs to the union or not, and this is a very potent reason why all consumers should give their support and sympathy to organized labor. Stand by the union by buying that which has its label on it, and the union will stand by you as to the quality of the goods you purchase.

And trade unionists should stand by the label. If they do not, how can they ask non-unionists to do so?

LITERARY.

The following is an essay which I wrote when a student:

Triumphant Time.

Let us travel up the stream of time and view some of the wrecks and ruins on its shores.

At the very threshold of our journey we will be impressed by the vicissitudes of time. We will see the wild grass waving on the deserted plains and forests covering the hill sides, which once yielded golden harvests. We will see here and there a few craggy walls, bleak towers and moss covered columns, standing where great cities once stood, and where resplendent temples were dedicated to the gods. We will hear the nightingale sing her lonely carol over fallen fortresses, from which the angry dogs of war once howled, and around which were heard the shouts of the victor and the wails of the vanquished.

Chaldea and Palestine.

We will see that Nineveh and Babylon, the two great pillars of the Chaldean monarchy have gone down beneath the weight of years, and as we pass through the Holy Land we may behold the clouds of superstition which hang over even the birthplace of christianity. This sacred country, where Mount Sinai and Mount Calvary stand, is now, held by the Mohammedan, from

whose grasp the enthusiastic Crusaders failed to take it.

And what of the ancient cities o'er which the Star of the East shone? Baelbec, with its phoenix and its temples of the sun. We are told that this city was situated a short distance north of Damascus, but where is Damascus itself, the city to which it is said Paul was traveling, when he was overtaken by the great light? The ruins of these two great cities almost commingle with each other.

And what of ancient Jerusalem? Heaven's favorite city, over whose stubborn fate the Savior wept. Alas! there is not left in it, scarcely one stone upon another.

Palmyra.

We will search the desert of Syria in vain for the ruins of Palmyra, a once great inland metropolis, through which all the trade from the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean Sea passed in transit to Mesopotamia. A city, whose friendship was greatly esteemed by the nations on all sides of the desert, and whose impassable barricades consisted of the burning sands around it, upon which no besieging army could survive, but alas! over the broken walls and fallen columns of Palmyra, the simoon has drifted the sands of the desert for more than two thousand years.

Persia.

From the desert we may continue our journey

eastward through the territory once occupied by the Empire of Persia, whose resistless hosts destroyed proud Babylon and first conquered Egypt. A nation which it is said had a million of soldiers and presumed to decree unalterable laws. She replenished her treasury from India's exhaustless mines. But what is Persia now? Even the boundaries of her ancient empire are unknown, and her unalterable laws are obsolete curiosities. The glittering spires of Ecbatana, the home of her kings, has long ago yielded to the "corroding touch of time." At the head of her scroll of fame stands the name of Cyrus, who inspired his soldiers with courage, and turned the Euphrates from its channel to assist in the destruction of Babylon. It was he, who verified to the drunken Belshazzer, Daniel's interpretation of the mysterious writing on the wall. But behold, this same great besieger, capitulate himself. See him call to his dying couch, his weeping children and commit them and his own spirit to the care of the heathen gods.

Petra.

Continuing our journey to the western borders of the Desert of Arabia, we may there behold the ruins of the great city of Petra, through whose streets the weary camels once traveled, burdened with the rich merchandise of the east. The magnificent temples of Petra, were cut into the solid rock, above which towered the native

forests unmolested by the works of man beneath. This hill defended city, never yielded to an enemy, until it fell in the track of the resistless Alexander. If we travel the narrow defiles which lead to its long deserted streets, we may hear affrighted birds as they leave their nests in the rocks, hundreds of feet above our heads; and if we go into the ruins, we may see the lion leave the lair which he has made in the palace halls of Petra. Such now is the desolate condition of this once great city. The very hills which it sought for its impregnable fortress, have ceased to protect it, and the temples which its people cut out of the hills, have become their mausoleums.

Egypt.

From Arabia we may cross the Red Sea into Egypt, and there behold the boundless wastes of this productive country, to which the river Nile pays annual tribute. The Egyptian nation lived for more than two thousand years, maintained a standing army of four hundred thousand soldiers, built vast labyrinths and excavated inland lakes for the amusement of her kings, and over their remains, erected monuments which pierced the clouds.

But what is Egypt now? Her territory was invaded successively by the Persians, Macedonians, Romans and Saracens, and is now occupied by the relentless Turk. Her arms of empire lie

palsied on her bosom, her sinews of war are all unstrung, her great armies have encamped in the valley of death and her national heart is as pulseless as those of her petrified mummies.

Along the shores of the enchanted Nile, are the ruins of some of Egypt's ancient cities, Thebes—with its mysterious Statue of Memnon, which was inspired with a voice by the first rays of the rising sun is no more. Its stupendous walls, ponderous gates and magnificent labyrinths, now all sleep beneath the pitiless mound. And where is Memphis, whose splendors once looked down into the waters of the Nile? Upon her ruins was built the City of Grand Cairo, which has also fallen down, thus piling ruins upon ruins. Behold the pyramids and obelisks which stand upon the banks of the Nile. They but emphasize the universal desolation around them, being themselves, the monuments of the dead.

And how did time deal with Egypt's warriors, statesmen and scholars? Behold the tragic downfall of her Pharaohs, Ptolmies and Cleopatra. Listen to the fate of her mighty Sesostris, who was the first to think of conquering the world, and who advanced father into India than even Alexander did in after times. Sesostris was an ostentatious monarch whose regal car was hauled through the streets of his capitol by the harnessed lords and sovereigns of other nations

which he had conquered. He was a blasphemous invader, who placed upon a pillar on one of his victorious fields in Asia Minor this inscription, "Sesostris, king of kings and lord of lords, subdued this country by the power of his arms." This vain monarch was, when at the very zenith of his power, struck blind. See him groping his way about his golden palace, haunted by the relentless cravings of ambition, until, with his own hand, he severed the brittle thread of life.

No reliable history exists of Egypt's great astronomers. They who were the first to penetrate the "heavens of brass," and to gather the stars into family circles, they, who first explained the eclipses of the sun and moon, and lifted from the minds of men the awful dread with which they beheld them.

Alexandria.

From the Nile we may continue our journey out into the Mediterranean Sea, along the shores and on the islands of which, many exhibitions of time's desolating march are to be seen. Alexandria—a once great and opulent city, whose foundations were laid by the conqueror of the known world—with its library of seven hundred thousand volumes has yielded to time's destroying angel. This library was regarded by its readers as a vast storehouse of medicines for the human soul, but not one of its volumes is left to now reveal its contents to mankind.

On the island of Milo we may see beneath the clouds of its volcanic smoke, the ruins of the Milesian Theater, which once attracted to its enchanting scenes the great men of the world. This wonderful playhouse had an island for its amphitheater and the heavens for its auditorium. It often trembled beneath the shocks of the distant volcanoes. Its last great performance was its own conflagration. Its ashes now cover the graves of its actors.

We may also look in awe, upon the lava-charred ruins of Herculaneum, the story of whose sad and sudden fate, stands among the most appalling in the history of calamities.

Greece.

Let us sail a short voyage northward from Herculaneum, and there we come to the soil occupied by ancient Greece. Greece, the mother of republics, the cradle of liberty, the birthplace of philosophy and the home of learning. But her glory has departed. Triumphant time has dissolved her Amphythoric Councils and closed forever her Olympic games. From the fatal results of her internal wars, shot forth the comet empire of Macedonia, which rose to the zenith of its glory and then downward went.

Mournful indeed, is the story of the fallen cities of Greece. Athens, the mistress of learning, with her magnificent acropolis and her temples of Olympian Jupiter. Her unknown

gods have for ages slept beneath her ruins. And what of Sparta, the jealous twin-sister of Athens, she too has tumbled down on the grave of her Hercules. And what melancholy thoughts are suggested by the names of some of the orators, philosophers and warriors of Greece. Demosthenes, the trumpet tongued defender of her liberties, sleeps beneath the rostrum from which he hurled his daring phillipics. The municipal statutes of Lycurgus and Solon, are now only ornaments on the pages of history. Socrates, who was said to be the wisest of men by the Delphic Oracle, was condemned by his own bigoted countrymen, to drink the fatal hemlock, and thus was extinguished the first light which casts its rays into the abyss of eternity and inspired the human soul with the hope of immortality. Archimades is no more, his mighty engines of war are forgotten, and his lever and fulcrum, with which he threatened to move the world are now powerless amid the ruins of Syracuse. Zeno, with all his stoicism, could not stay the march of death for a moment. And how did fate deal with the heroic soldiers of Greece? Her Pericles, Alcibiades, Agesalus, Leonedas, Lysander and many others, whose heroism have immortalized the Plains of Marathon, the Pass of Thermopyle and other scenes of carnage. So inconstant was the devotion to these great soldiers, that in the morning they were pets of the Senate and Ephori and

by evening exiled by their edicts. One day the people carried them aloft on the gale of popular applause, and the next, trampled them beneath their feet.

And how did time deal with Philip, the conqueror of Greece, and Alexander, the conqueror of the world? Philip, by his great victory at Cheronea, gathered the discordant states of Greece to the Macedonian standard, and when about to march on Persia was assassinated by Pausanius. Alexander, his son, seized the wavering helm of state, carried forward the schemes of his father, added conquest to conquest, until he supposed that he had conquered the world. In a fit of uncontrollable anger, he put to death the brave Parmenio, who at the head of the Macedonian Phalanx, had won for him many a desperate battle. Alexander haunted by the ghost of his murdered marshall, sought refuge in the bacchanalian retreat, and died in a drunken debauch. Thus Alexander burst forth like a meteor, shone with transcendant splendor, alarmed the world with the rapidity of his flight and then downward went.

Rome.

From Greece we may pass over the Ionian Sea, into the territory once occupied by the iron empire of Rome, which held the destiny of nations in her power. Rome, whose very name put armies to flight and made kings tremble on their

thrones. Her victorious cohorts laid Carthage in ruins at their feet. But this proud mistress of the world, long ago, yielded up the sceptre. Rome struggled against fate for three hundred years, and then was destroyed by northern barbarians. Go, stray along the shores of the meandering Tiber, and see it pass with silent cadence the ruins of the Roman capitol, as they sleep upon her seven hills. And how did time deal with the warriors, statesmen, assassins, victims, conspirators and patriots of Rome? The swords of her Scipios have rusted in their scabbards and the arms of her centurions are grounded forever. Her Caesar and Brutus live only in the tragic play, and Cato, no more proclaims at the end of every discourse "Carthage must be destroyed." Tully's eloquence is hushed in death and the dust of her Cicero and Cataline mingle with the ashes of her magnificent senate chamber.

Carthage.

From Italy we may continue our journey to Tunis, which now stands where Carthage once stood. Carthage! The first admiral of the sea. Carthage! A once beautiful city, which flourished for seven hundred years. Carthage! Over whose fate the noble Scipio wept, when he beheld her consumed by the flames to which the Roman senate ordered him to commit her. It is

said that he manifested his disapproval of this crime by repeating the following stanza:

"The day shall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,
When Priam's power and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all."

Thus, as if by inspiration, he foretold the vengeance which would overtake Rome for her perfidious destruction of Carthage. And what of the fate of the great chieftains of Carthage? Hamilcar, called to his deathbed his son, the young Hannibal, and made him take a vow of eternal enmity to the Romans. Some of the most heroic deeds on record, tell how faithfully Hannibal kept this vow. At the head of his army he ascended the rugged Alps, undaunted by the snow-covered peaks and angry Gauls above him, and unawed by the wails of his dying men and beasts as they fell over the precipices and were mangled on the rocks below. When on the top of the conquered Alps he pointed his army to the rich valleys of Italy which were to become the spoils of their conquest. Dissolving the rocks in his track with fire and vinegar he made a road for his army down the mountain's side, he marched through the plains, met the cohorts of Rome, won the great battle of Thrysymenus, in which the conflict was so terrific that a great earthquake rocked the earth unnoticed

by the contending hosts. He led his army to the very gates of the "Eternal City," and sent consternation throughout the Roman empire. But, oh! the inconstancy of fate. Behold this same great Hannibal, a refugee, begging protection from court to court, until he is about to fall into the hands of the Romans, and then to cheat their vengeance of its long sought victim, takes his own life.

America.

But let us leave the scenes of oriental decay and turmoil and come westward across the Atlantic ocean to what is called the "new world." Here we find the remnants of a people who could once start the war-whoop on the shores of the boisterous Atlantic, pass it from tribe to tribe through the forest, over rivers, mountains, hills and valleys, until it died away on the calm waters of the Pacific. But where are these people today? Many of them gave up their eastern hunting grounds and retired beyond the mountains, to what they supposed was a safe retreat from the pale faced invaders. But their wigwams were scarcely built, and their council fires kindled, when the white man's empire leaped over the mountains and came sweeping down upon them. They then fled across the Father of Waters, thinking that the pale-face would not attempt to stem his rapid current. But their canoes had scarcely touched the western shores

of that mighty river when they heard the invaders' oars splashing in the water behind them. The Indian race is now following the setting sun, but unlike him, they are going down to rise no more forever. How exceedingly sad must be the reflections of the Sachem of the forest as he soliloquizes upon the downfall of his people! We hear him say: "Behold what were once the boundless hunting grounds of my people, now in the possession of the pale faced invaders. Then my people roamed at pleasure, and their power was known and felt, but what are we now? Tribe after tribe has passed beyond the clouds and we that remain are but a few forlorn refugees, with the white man still upon our trail." Picking up an arrow he says to it, "Thou unerring missile, which has brought down the swift winged bird in its flight, stopped the buffalo in his wild career and carried death and consternation into the ranks of our enemies, soon thou wilt be looked at as a harmless curiosity, and our enemies will laugh at thy simplicity." To his bow, he says, "Thou faithful arm of my people, the hand which now holds thee will soon relinquish its grasp and thou shalt remain unstrung forever." To the waters of the Pacific, he says, "Thou shalt soon sing the dying requiem over my fallen people. Soon! Soon! the white man will drive us into thy embrace, and thy waves will wash our last foot prints from thy shore."

Turning his face heavenward he exclaims, "Oh! Thou Great Manitou, save my people, take us to thy hunting grounds beyond the clouds, where the pale-face can never come."

Mexico.

In Mexico we find a few Aztecs. A people with whom time has dealt so harshly, that their origin and the history of their deeds have been omitted from the annals of time. A few pigmies, traveling through the world on exhibition, is all that remains of this once supposed to have been a great nation. Her Montezuma was ensnared by the wily Cortez and robbed of his capitol. He was then compelled by his cruel captor to go before his people and advise them to submit to the Spanish invader. His people suspecting him of treachery, shot him when he was addressing them in the streets of his capitol. Such was the tragic end of the last occupant of the halls of the Montezumas.

In the southern part of Mexico are to be seen the ruins of the long lost city of Palenqua, the story of whose builders and destroyers lie hidden beneath her ruins. Go, stand beside her crumbling columns and you may there behold the relentless decay of at least three thousand years.

In view of what we have thus seen of some of the wrecks and ruins of time, should we not be ready to ask, in the language of another, "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"